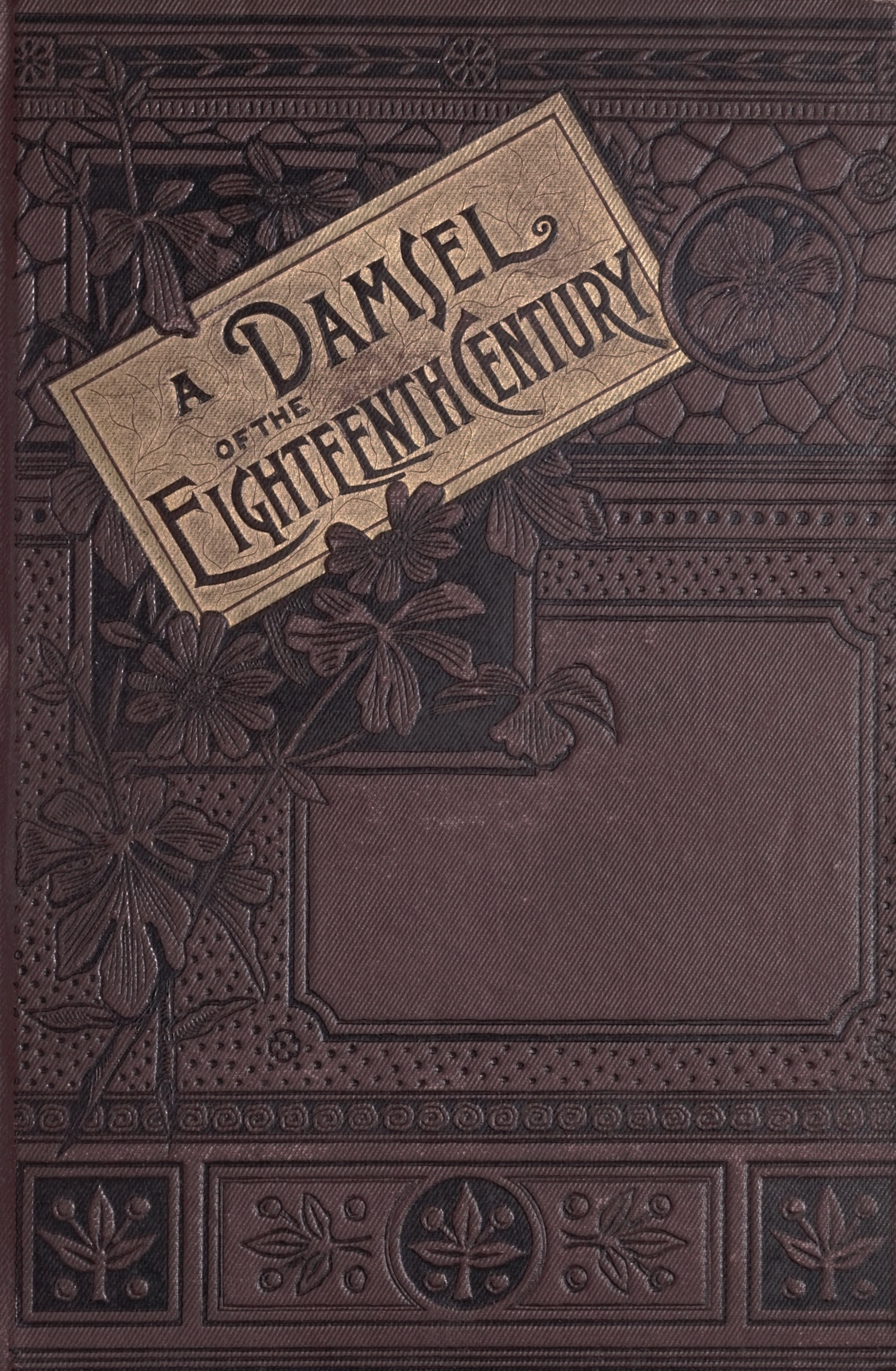


A DAMSEL  
OF THE  
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY





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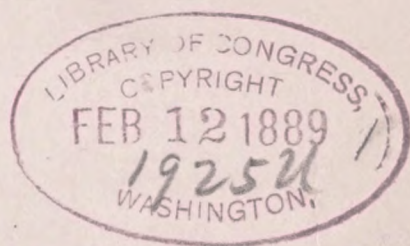
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A DAMSEL  
OF THE  
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY;

OR,



CICELY'S CHOICE.

35  
BY

MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS.

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NEW YORK: PHILLIPS & HUNT.

CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & STOWE.

1889.  
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DEDICATED

TO

S. E. J.

---

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."—HAMLET.

---

"She was a blessed woman," said Dinah; "God hath given her a loving, self-forgetting nature, and he perfected it by grace."

"It was always given her when to keep silence and when to speak."

—ADAM BEDE.







A BRIEF ACCOUNT  
OF  
TWO YEARS OF MY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PERUSAL OF MY AUNT,  
LADY DULCIA VENABLES DE BOLYN,  
OF  
CALCUTTA, INDIA.

CICELY MILLICENT HUNTER.

6 GREAT WINDMILL STREET,  
LONDON, ENGLAND.







## PREFACE.

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THE author's design in writing *A Damsel of the Eighteenth Century* has been as follows: First, to imitate the colloquial English of the upper classes in London in the latter half of the eighteenth century; secondly, to give a faithful picture of the fashions in dress, manners, and social usages of this period; thirdly, to present as simply as possible facts connected with the rise of Methodism, and especially the lives and characters of the Wesleys, socially as well as religiously considered; fourthly, to introduce contemporary historical characters.

The limitations, of course, of a brief story have made many omissions necessary.

If *A Damsel of the Eighteenth Century* shall assist young Methodists to a better comprehension of the versatility, statesmanship, high breeding and profound piety which made John Wesley one of the great men of English history; if it shall incite them to study the great religious movement of the eight-



eenth century in England ; and if, finally, while leading them to love supremely their own Methodist Episcopal Church, it shall make them liberal toward all other orthodox denominations, especially toward the mother of their dear Church—the Church of England—the author will feel amply repaid.

Among many authorities consulted, the author wishes to acknowledge her obligations to the following: *Life and Times of John Wesley*, L. Tyerman ; *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, F. S. Puling ; *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*, Charlotte Barrett ; *Horace Walpole and His World*, Edited by L. B. Seeley ; *Life of Wesley*, Robert Southey ; *Life of Wesley*, John Emory ; *Life of Wesley*, Richard Watson ; *The Epworth Singers and Other Poets of Methodism*, Christophers ; *History of Methodism*, Daniels ; *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, Ashton ; *Green's History of the English People* ; *Cyclopedia Britannica* ; *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, McClintock and Strong ; *Essays of Thomas Carlyle* ; *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan* ; *Mary Somerville's Life* ; *Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague*. M. H. N.



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# A DAMSEL

OF THE

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### I Leave School.

WHEN father came home this afternoon for our usual dinner at three of the clock he took mother's breath quite away by telling her that he was invited to Strawberry Hill this day week to one of Mr. Horace Walpole's grand companies.

Father has risen in the world of fashion very much since he was made "Physician Extraordinary to her Majesty, Queen Charlotte," and mother says she is glad, because it may prove a good thing for me. I hope it will.

I am so tired of studying the needle, the French tongue, and to play on the harpsichord and violin at Mistress Roxana Hervey's. For it is perfectly true, as she says in the public notice of her school, that young gentlewomen are "soberly educated" with her.

Dearie me ! When I think of all the accomplish-



ments I have acquired at Mistress Hervey's I feel that my learning is sufficiently liberal to do me credit, even had I the good luck to be invited to Sir Horace's. I can fancy myself playing the violin there to the delectation of the court gentlemen, who congregate at his place in great numbers. Mother thinks my wax-work and my paintings on glass a great addition to our drawing-room. And as for sweetmeats and sauces, I could, I believe, teach our new French cook, just from Paris, a thing or two.

I suppose I must learn a little more of the good breeding for which Mistress Hervey's school is famous; but, if I could, I would not have Mistress Hervey's manners. When she smiles I always think of wall-fruit grown in the shade. The smile is pleasant to see, and yet it is sour.

Well, well! to come back to Sir Horace.

Father says the dinner is to be served at five of the clock. When he told mother this, although she is so amiable and so ambitious for progress, she said up and down that she thought it a very immoral hour, for that father could hardly get back to his books before ten of the clock, and then would stay up till midnight, still further endangering his health, which of late has become rather delicate.



I made up my mind that father was indeed striding fast into the broad ways of a wicked, though I must say it—all to myself—delightful world, when he just laughed at dear, sweet mother for thinking customs should be made for his convenience. He asked if some of her fine friends had never mentioned the great dinner at Northumberland House, where nothing was served a minute before half past eight.

Mother held up her two plump hands in horror, and ejaculated, "The fashions are becoming sorry indeed!" when he finished by telling her that it was fully eleven of the clock before the guests returned to the drawing-room for tea and coffee.

I think these new fashions very nice.

I am so glad that we are soon to move into our new house on Great Windmill Street. I went with mother to see it yesterday, and it is indeed a fine place, and creditable, as mother says, to the celebrated Dr. Hunter.

If I were in father's shoes I should quake so sore for fear of displeasing her majesty that I know I should prescribe poison. But then father never is afraid of any body. I heard him tell mother, though, when he thought I had stopped my ears with my



fingers while studying, that King George was by no means a Jupiter, and Queen Charlotte still further from being a Venus, and that he could wish they were the last of the House of Hanover.

She said, "Tut, tut!" But I admired father very much for such a bold opinion. I have a similar one of father's friend, Sir Horace.

He looks like a parrot, with his long, curved nose and inquisitive eyes, and they say that he is the greatest gossip in London. I should despise being a gossip if I were a man; but gossip, some of it, is necessary for a woman; at least such is my private notion. For the conversation of women must be made up of knick-knacks of news—a bit here and a bit there. I often wish mother were more of a gossip. She does make me feel uncomfortable when I come to her with the sweetest morsel of news, and she just looks at me out of her great blue eyes as much as to say, "Shame upon thee, daughter."

I suppose I am more like father than mother, for I notice that he has many tales to tell that are far more peppery than mine.

Still, father tells what he sees, and I tell what I hear; and, as mother says, that makes a difference.



Ah! when I can use these two brown eyes at court, and Strawberry Hill, and Hyde Park perhaps my stories will have a lawfully pungent flavor.

O, what a rattle-brains I am!

I was going to tell about the new house, for after we had lived there awhile it would be too old a story for me to describe.

In the first place, it is a brick house, built after the newest fashion. The rooms are wainscoted in oak and cedar. The stairs are so broad that two persons can ascend abreast. The windows have a solemn look, as they are long and narrow; the glass is diamond-shaped and leaded. The chambers are lofty and the drawing-room walls are hung with a rich tapestry of a soft brown color, which I am sure will be very becoming to my complexion. The dining-room walls are covered with elegant embossed work to look like gilded leather, and it is so sumptuous that I am afraid that father's set of gold plate that the city gave him will look almost mean beside it. Altogether it is a very fine house, such only as people of consequence could live in, and I long to be there.

A very sad scene took place at Mistress Hervey's this day.



A little damsel, by name Evelyn Keble, a timorous, shy creature only nine years of age, and who has been wont to delight us with the most wonderful tales of her own invention, was stricken with a very great blow—no other than the death of her mother.

As I was standing at a window looking upon Queen's Square, on which our school faces, I saw a footman cross to the great front-door of Mistress Hervey's, and heard him pound so well the brass knocker, that it resounded throughout the house till I verily could fancy an explosion of gunpowder or a terrible earthquake.

I ran half way down the stairs to discover what he might have to say, and heard him announce the dreadful information to Mistress Hervey herself, who promised to speedily but tenderly tell the little Evelyn and send her home.

The messenger quickly withdrew, as, by a law which has been in vogue ever since the great plague, he had also speedily to inform the minister of the parish and the two females who are appointed to visit dead bodies.

It must be a grewsome thing to be a woman with such a vocation.



Well, to come back to the poor little Evelyn. When she heard that awful and momentous piece of news; the agony of her grief was such that Mistress Hervey declared that she had never seen sorrow take so appalling hold of one of such tender years.

I watched a maid conduct the child from the school, and fancied till the chills crept down my back the woe of that honorable scholar and musician, Dr. Keble, and wondered if his nephew James would speedily hear the news, and what they would do at the Lady Margaret Chapel, and mayhap at Westminster Abbey, if Dr. Keble could not for his grief conduct the music.

And then I fell to thinking what an it had been my mother who was dead, until I burst into a great flood of tears, for I saw her as plainly as if it were so in very truth in the woolen stuff of which they do make shrouds, and the woolen lace and all with its black edge. I saw her two feet tied up in the bag made by the end of the shroud, the gloves on her dear hands, a chin-cloth about her wan face, and the forehead-cloth coming down to her very eyebrows.

It was with great difficulty that Mistress Hervey



could learn what ailed me, and when she did she sent me home, where, O joy! I found my mother alive and warm and beautiful, and with a strange piece of good news for me which for a time made me altogether forget the stricken Kebles.

The news was none other than my father's decision, which I truly think very wise, that my schooling abroad should stop, as it seems best to him that now, while I am in the heyday of youth, I shall go into society—although it is a full year before mother wished—and lose no good opportunity of a settlement in life.

Mother sighed and smiled all in one, when I clapped my hands in glee and lauded my father's excellent sense. She fairly horrified me when she said solemnly that she sincerely hoped that English civilization would in time so far advance as to make it less common for girls to be given in marriage while of such tender years.

"Nay, but mother," I cried, "I am sixteen, and you were married at that age." To which she said, "Yea, and for that same reason I hope your wedding-day will be at least three years off."

Men know more than women, even such women as my mother, and if father should be pleased to



have me married this coming year I should see no reason to object.

I wonder what name would go well with mine. Cicely Millicent Hunter is a high-sounding appellation, and I should not want to lose it for a worse.

I did think, before James Keble went to sea the first time, that he looked at me with an admiring gaze; but father, I ween, would be more ambitious. And besides, "Cicely Keble" sounds sadly commonplace. Surely, if the famously beautiful Gunning sisters married with otherwise all odds against them, and married, too, noblemen of such exalted rank, then the daughter of the Physician Extraordinary to their Majesties, and whom I overheard Sir Joshua Reynolds say was as fair an English beauty as his eyes had rested on, may hope to do great things.

Although but one day is passed since I writ the above, our invitation to Mistress Keble's obsequies has come. It is very solemn. Its deep black border is diversified with prophetic symbols which make my flesh creep. A death's-head is at the top, on either side of which is a melancholy skeleton. One is Father Time, holding his sickle with a sad but awfully determined countenance, very awe-inspiring! "Remember to die" is printed on the



black border in letters as white as death. Hour-glasses, shrouds, cross-bones, pick-axes and shovels, arranged to make a most doleful ornamentation, add greatly to the momentous words announcing the hour for interment—"at five of the clock in the afternoon."

Father received also a complete set of mourning, as Mr. Keble desires him to be one of those friends who are to hold up the pall, also an enameled mourning ring, three pennyweight twelve grains in weight.

We went to the funeral, and O! it was sad to see little Evelyn, her bonny eyes red with weeping, her pretty mouth with a constant quiver, as if she would fain cry aloud but dare not.

James was not there, being far out to sea.

I felt very wicked for thinking of him, and considered myself well punished for vanity by his absence, for somehow with the last look I gave in the mirror before leaving my room, it was as if James were glancing over my shoulder and admiring my red cheeks and dimples. I have three dimples, and they will make me think of James ever since Evelyn told me that her cousin always kissed her in her dimple.



Dear, dear ! what a foolish thing to write about in the middle of an account that I would fain make properly grave.

We went in a mourning-coach drawn by six horses to St. Gregory's burial-place, and ours was one of eleven coaches.

When the defunct was taken from the hearse, it was followed by many men in long cloaks, the servants of the household, the chief mourner and five assistants, and also many relations and friends.

It was betwixt seven and eight of the clock that evening before we turned away, but I did not do so before I had furtively taken the little Evelyn in my arms and hugged her while my scalding tears fell on her young face.

I held mother's hand while we wound our way slowly back to London, and hoped it would be many a long day before I left her house for my own. It is strange that I always turn to mother when I feel lonesome, though father makes a great pet of me and calls me by the most winsome names.



## CHAPTER II.

## The New House.

**I**T is the early spring, and I think I shall always remember the sweet influences of this particular one, because we are just moved into our new house. The famous Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, so that I am sure it is as perfect as a house can well be.

It is wonderful how one thing begets the desire for another. We need many more servants, a lot of fresh furniture, and we all seem to have such a rage for buying that I should think a plague or some other awful visitation of sickness would be required for father to get enough money together to fit up such a splendid mansion.

And when I think that my parents have left the dear place where they have lived the thirty happy years of their married life, where my infant brother and sister died, and where I was born, and where things were certainly orderly and beautiful and bountiful enough to suit any body, and have sur-



rounded themselves with all this added grandeur, as father assures me, chiefly for my sake, I feel that I must indeed be inexpressibly dear to them, and that I am bound not to disappoint their wishes and ambitions.

I am half afraid of our grand new footman when I consider that father gives him a whole crown a week for gloves and powder, that he has a fine silver snuff-box, and a watch from which he studies the time whenever any body is in sight. He has even a saucier frown than Mistress Sheridan's footman, who, methinks, has more style than ours, since by her express order he is compelled to wear a sword. Mother will not concede this latest touch, however, as she avows it would give an atmosphere of war to our peaceful household.

But I started out to say that Mistress Sheridan called on mother this day to ask "How do ye" through this same magnificent footman, who also presented his mistress's compliments.

Mother was pleased, of course; for though every body gossips about Mistress Sheridan, still every one is glad of her notice, for she is a woman of great parts, and is, in this respect, like Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who has seen, I ween, more of the



world than any other dame in London, and who is learned in books beside. If she had eye-brows I should like her better. Looks do go a great way with me. Still, my lady is called handsome, and I confess myself in awe of her when in her presence, and having a tongue-tied mouth, although my thoughts are busy about her. Father says that he is sure she will be called a famous woman and good when those who deride her have long been dead, buried, and forgotten, and that he sets much store by her acquaintance.

O, fie! When I try to tell a tale I am like a meandering stream that winds into so many crooks and curves that it bids fair never to reach the ocean. Where was I? Trying, forsooth, to tell about the new house. Methinks I have time enough left to describe my own chamber, at least, for it is there that I shall have many a laugh, although but little weeping, I sincerely hope. In this room I mean to be more pious than of yore, becoming more familiar with my Bible and prayer-book, and endeavoring, as dear mother has more than once urged, "to grow in grace," which, I will say all to myself, is to me a most mysterious and solemn expression, and makes me now think of angels and God, and now of



ghosts, according to the time of day and state of my spirits. I do think, though, that since my confirmation I have been more reverent and thoughtful. Perhaps, as the Archbishop of Canterbury says, I shall "grow up in the most holy faith." It will take me a century to get to be as good as mother, if I go on as slowly as I have begun.

If father had six daughters instead of one, I know I should not have a room like my present sumptuous one. When mother expostulated, saying that there would be nothing left for me a few years hence to enjoy, he answered: "Nay, she is our only lamb, and her fold shall be fleece-lined."

I have a bed like a fairy's dream. It is silvered all over, and rests on the backs of two silver swans so alive and graceful in expression, that my fancies carry me aloft whenever I lie down in it. It stands in a recess lined with white silk sprinkled with blue flowers, and in the day-time can be quite shut out of sight by the palest blue silk curtains. There is a deep fire-place in my chamber into which the wind roars down the deep-throated chimney, o' nights, making an eerie sound. Near it is a sofa, blue and adorned with silver lace, while beside it is a table upon which my precious mother has laid



Thomas à Kempis and Jeremy Taylor for sad and serious and devotional hours. Curtains of rare India silk which father got at the East India House, a carpet of soft gray with uncut pile, a toilette-table before one of the windows, all lace and silk in blue and white, and small jardinières of blooming flowers in my two sunny windows, complete an interior elegant enough for a princess, and crown me, Cicely Millicent Hunter, daughter of William Hunter, Esquire, in my own estimation, the happiest and most fortunate maid in London.



### CHAPTER III.

#### A Dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's.

FATHER is having his portrait painted by no less a person than Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This brings the great artist to the house sometimes.

Every-where we go, nowadays, we hear Sir Joshua this and Sir Joshua that, so great is his fame; and, what is very pleasing to us, endless praise on the exceeding likeness the painting bears to father.

Mother and I are getting well acquainted with this flower of English portrait-painters, between whom and Gainsborough there is, to my mind, no comparison. He called my father "the great surgeon" in speaking of him to mother. It was pretty to see her soft eyes dilate and the color flicker in her cheeks. Mother blushes as much as I do, and father, very facetiously, I think, calls us his pair of girls. His portrait is truly magnificent, and displays his noble, massive head and speaking



features to good advantage. The pugnaciousness which his enemies ascribe to him is also veritably in his face, and, to my mind, sets it off.

When I see the crowds leaving his lectures from the dissecting-room, which, to my original dismay, is right under our very roof—but now that I am used to it there I am glad for father's sake—why, when I see these young and old men going out, and hear all the fine things said about the Hunter lectures and the Hunter discoveries in medicine, even though father is long-winded enough to sometimes talk two hours, I plume myself much that I am his daughter.

But when I revel in the sumptuous splendor of that part of the house which is especially designed for mother and me, and then observe father's frugal habits, his untiring industry, and also know that he is up with the lark to have time for his many duties, then say I to myself, "For shame, Cicely Hunter; you do not deserve to be the daughter of such a man!"

And methinks Sir Joshua had that same thought, for I caught him looking at me through his spectacles most quizzically. There was a smile on his gentle mouth, which I love, and think very beautiful



notwithstanding its scar. I am still puzzling myself whether it might be a smile of approval instead of a smile of scorn.

I am dying to be invited to his house—to one of his ridiculous, delightful dinners, where every body takes care of himself and yet has such a good time. Father will of course be asked, for Sir Joshua has already found out what irresistible anecdotes he can tell, and mother will go because father does. But I? I must seek an opportunity to make the acquaintance of Miss Offy Palmer, his niece, whom report names his heiress, and then, perhaps, though in a roundabout way, I shall gain my point.

Who could think that even while I was writing down the above longings the invitation for which I was fairly consuming away should come—and that my name should be writ out in it in full, as grand as you please!

Farewell, school-days, indeed! Mistress Cicely Millicent Hunter now steps upon the stage of life.

And now I am back at home, just after the dinner. While it is vividly in my mind I will transcribe it, although I am half dead with sleep.



To think that I have been at one of these famous dinners, and that I am in a fair way to go to many others—if the attention bestowed on me be an augur of my success in society! But, alas! perhaps it was for father's sake alone that I was asked, and noticed, and not partly because my wit is ready, although it is said that Sir Joshua invites only those who have very good intellects.

Just twice as many people were asked as could sit around the table, and dinner began at the new hour, five o'clock promptly, although not nearly all had arrived. As the late guests kept thronging in those already at the table got more and more crowded, and as for the service, though Sir Joshua keeps such a retinue of servants, it was certainly "every man for himself."

Our host's manners were so unassuming—although no man, I believe, ever had the chance to drink in more honeyed flattery. His face, while gentle, is certainly most expressive.

And I met Miss Offy, who pleased me much, although her elder sister is said to be more shrewd. Still it is this gentle, dull one that holds her uncle's fancy; why I know not, unless the uncle and niece are like kittens, loving softness, order, and peace



above all else. It is said that Sir Joshua will never quarrel.

Though we all helped ourselves to the different viands so freely, the meal was, after a manner, an orderly as well as sumptuous one ; for it consisted of three courses and a superb dessert. At the second course we had little pies with mutton in them, which I liked greatly. Take it as a whole, this dinner-party put me in a great flight of spirits, and altogether pleased me vastly. I have added to the people I knew Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his wife, who is still young—but twenty-seven. She is famed as a poet and a critic, and certainly every body knows of her as originally the renowned and beautiful singer, Miss Linley.

Mr. Sheridan has the most brilliant eyes I have ever seen. His hair, mixed freely with powder, softened his somewhat ruddy features. His manners made me feel of such great importance while he was talking to me that I entirely forgot he could crush me in a second with his flaming wit, had he so chosen.

I wish that James Keble were a man like this great writer, and methinks I could be bewitched into marrying him, though he were a dunce.



What fiddle-faddle all this would be to my wise father, could he read it! I often feel in the fidgets lest some one by accident should discover these, my most secret opinions, which I take such a strange pleasure in writing out, and which I never could think of letting any one's eyes but yours see, Aunt Dulcia.

I have left the very gist of what I had to say about Sir Joshua's dinner till this morning.

I had intended to rise earlier than my wont, but I slept too soundly, and was in the midst of a lovely dream—about being maid of honor to Queen Charlotte—when I was roused by a medley of street cries. While I lay making up my mind to get up, though it was already so late, they smote my ears with a novel sound, as if I had never heard them before. “Ripe strawberries,” chimed forth delectably, as also “Ripe sperigas;” “Delicate cowcumbers to pickle,” made me right hungry; and when one lusty voice screamed, “Twelvepence a peck, oysters!” I could stand it no longer, but sprang out of bed and dressed me as quickly as possible for breakfast.

And now here I am, back in my room again. I have said my prayers and read from my Bible and



Jeremy Taylor, though I doubt in these degenerate times if many young ladies in my station take that trouble. But I believe I am somewhat religiously inclined, and especially on Sundays and saints' days.

Dear mother says that life should be a prayer, and that we should be ready at all times to take that strange journey on which all must go, and one for which, though so momentous, we can make no other preparation than that of a meek and quiet spirit dependent upon God.

I cannot fancy myself quiet in any sense, and as for meekness, well do I know that no one is more important to me than myself.

Still I am meek—or humble or fearful, I cannot say exactly which—when I remember the young Lord Carew, whom I met at Sir Joshua's, and with whom I conversed a good half hour.

He is a gentleman of five and twenty or thereabouts, of an unusual figure for tallness, and with such a manly address that I pleased myself with looking up into his face with as much deference as I would assume to the great artist.

Lord Carew was as freely powdered as Mr. Sheridan; but he is fairer, and has a pair of truly somber



eyes that pierced me like needles and drew me like magnets. My heart fluttered so against my bodice that when I spoke to him I feared me he would hear the tremble in my voice ; but, if he did, no wavering of his eye betokened it.

He asked me to tell him who different persons were, and when I answered I could not, for I was present to make new acquaintances chiefly, but would nevertheless fain be of service to him, he bowed most gracefully and said that sometimes one new friend answered better than a host of acquaintances.

I smiled, and then the knowledge of my three dimples popped into my head and made me blush. Then I recalled that mother had said that my robe was very becoming when my cheeks were properly red, and then they grew so hot that I was sure they were crimson as summer roses.

I tried to stand up very straight in my fine dress, made for the occasion. It was all of white, with the most delicate lace ruff, an inch or more in thickness, lying softly and low about my throat, around which were clasped mother's pearls, while on one arm was a string of pearls five rows deep. My hair was in loose, puffy curls all over my head, and down on



either shoulder hung a long curling lock. My skirts were straight and full and very long about my feet; so long that I did not walk around much, for fear of showing myself unaccustomed to such voluminous draperies.

I felt an inward vexation when dear father appeared for the purpose of separating me from this delightful young lord, for it was time to go home. But I was greatly pleased when he begged of father to assist me to my Sedan chair in so courtly a manner that father gave him a kindly, though watchful, glance and assented.

I feel almost afraid to put it down in black and white—though he did an eminently proper thing—that Lord Carew lifted my hand most gallantly yet respectfully to his lips as he withdrew. I shall doubtless become used to such attentions, but at present I am overwhelmed, as if something strange, but delightful, had happened.

I wonder at my childish taste while at Mistress Hervey's in thinking so much of James Keble.

How we change as we see more of the world!



## CHAPTER IV.

Mr. John Wesley.

**I** LIKE this “ gay and gaudy world ” better and better, although the most religious people that I meet appear to prize it mighty little.

Father's poor health these days makes mother sad at times, and when mother is sad I worry a little too. I am sure I do not see why father should busy himself to such an extent. He has a great fortune, he is eminent, in favor at court and in society, and he has the new house and mother and me. But since he has his suite of rooms fitted up so completely for his lectures and experiments, I believe the throng of place-seekers and patients grows greater, and he more ambitious to excel, or more determined to do good. I suppose it is to do good, but, when I think of all his high-sounding titles, I do believe the applause of the world means very much to him. But fie upon you, Cicely Hunter, for criticising your father ! May God forgive you for such presumption !



Did not I feel of consequence last Sunday when the beadle of St. Paul's bowed and smirked to father, as we pattered over the marbles under the cool and stately arches, and made such an ado in seating us that many heads were turned wonderingly and admiringly!

And though I had on only a simple linen jacket and gown I could not have been more looked at, if I had trailed into the cathedral in a robe of cloth of gold.

I peeped out of the corners of my eyes without turning my head, and yet saw well to the right and left; but my Lord Carew was not among the gentry. I am afraid he does not favor church-going, or, indeed, piety of any sort.

It is said that there is great deadness in spiritual life in London. I do not know how that may be but certain it is that any deep or pious thoughts I have are fairly put into me by mother; for no one else speaks to me otherwise than as if this life would go on forever.

I hear the servants talking of meetings they attend where the zeal is such that prayers are offered far into the night, and that there is early service where men and women assemble with something of



the passion and yearning for higher things that I read of in lives of the saints and in Jeremy Taylor. But when I spoke to mother of all this she said, yes, it was true ; and was an excellent, conserving thing for the middle classes and for great sinners also ; but that I did not need meddle with such forms of worship, or, indeed, know aught of them, for I had been well trained in the grand and holy Church of England, which had laid down what was necessary, in opening the Bible to the use of all and in giving us the Book of Common Prayer, which contains a suitable petition for every want.

Still I am curious, and some morning, if I awaken early enough to steal from my swan's nest, I shall go with Martha, my maid, to this morning service. I do not believe it would be wrong, since people who congregate there do so to pray and worship.

It is certainly true, for I heard the gentlemen saying so once, when they were talking together over a dinner father gave, that the new religion had reformed our prisons and had helped abolish the wicked slave-trade. Another strange thing they said was that it began at Oxford ; and Oxford I have always believed was a place for gentlemen and



the Church. So I shall keep my ears open, and my eyes lose little when I am awake.

The great clock in the hall is striking four, and I must dress for dinner. Since we have been in the new house we dine at five o'clock. There is an ugly pimple on my cheek, but I will make a beauty-spot of it with a piece of court-plaster shaped like a new moon. Father will look grave, I know, as he abominates such devices; but this pimple is my opportunity. Father has tried to scare me with the story of Lady Betty Killigrew, who killed herself by quackery and preparations of lead and mercury which made her complexion most unnaturally white. He thinks to coax me from all temptations to resort to cosmetics by assuring me that I am as fair as a blush-rose. Still, on occasions, I should like well to see how I would appear in the garb of a white rose. However, to-night I will apply naught but the court-plaster, and trust for other ornamentation to Mother Nature.

The above was writ shortly before dinner. Now it is ten o'clock, and I have something to add that makes the foregoing appear like a prophecy.

I have met the Reverend Mr. John Wesley. He dined with us this evening.



He has such an angelic, and, withal, severe and learned countenance, that it was as if all my wits were suspended and I was a lowly spirit kneeling at his feet whenever he spoke. He is not tall—like father, who is a big, imposing man, fit for the figure-head of a ship-of-war; neither is he a very small man. He is so exceedingly well-proportioned that I forgot to pick him so minutely to pieces as I do most men. He was more like what I have fancied the angel is who will open the great Book at the last day, than any one I have ever seen; and he looked, also, strangely young and very venerable at the same time. His skin is as fine and soft and smooth as an infant's, and his snowy hair, parted on either side of his face and falling in slightly curling locks to his shoulders, gives him an aspect of great benignity. His eyes are gentle and searching, but his nose and mouth impart to his countenance a commanding dignity which frightened me in spite of myself until he spoke, when his manner was so suave, so courteous, and so truly elegant, that I felt twice the reverence and ease that I did when I met the Bishop of Peterborough.

Father helped him off with a long outer garment trimmed with fur. When this was removed, I saw



that he was very spare and in the garb of a minister of our dear Church. And yet it is he who heads this strange body of zealots who, my peaceable mother says, do much good, but also much harm.

Mother treated him with great consideration, and father with that quiet and attentive respect which I have observed he ever assumes when he is entertaining dignitaries.

Mr. Wesley talked of the respective merits of the rival artists, dear Sir Joshua, Gainsborough and Romney; for it seems that the last named has been painting his portrait.

Father said that it was to be regretted that Romney had not sought admission to the Royal Academy, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds has been president ever since its foundation, for it certainly would advantage any painter to come in contact with the greatest living English artist.

Mr. Wesley bowed and remarked that Romney was shy and proud.

Mother said that she had understood Sir Joshua considered the younger artist as a competitor, and would brook no rival, although she herself could not think it true.

Father, who is Sir Joshua's stanch friend, frowned



slightly, and said that jealousy formed no part of that amiable artist's disposition.

Mr. Wesley's face lighted radiantly when father spoke thus, and then he added, "I myself heard Romney say that 'Sir Joshua Reynolds is the greatest painter that ever lived. I see in his pictures an exquisite charm which I see in nature, but in no other pictures.'"

This pleased father so much that he then took great pains to enlarge on the merits of Romney, and finally, when we left the table, as Mr. Wesley did not desire to linger for wine, and father is himself abstaining at present, we all went together to the Art-Gallery, where we already have a notable collection of paintings, to view father's finished portrait.

It was mother herself who held with some effort a candelabrum so that the light should touch it just right. I observed Mr. Wesley's face soften into inexpressible sadness and sweetness as he glanced for a second from the picture to my beautiful and gentle mother. He pronounced the portrait a speaking likeness.

"Is it not!" exclaimed mother, with a delighted tremble in her voice which when I hear gives me,



I know not why, a heartache; and I observe father looks at her as a lover might whenever her voice is tremulous because of him. Indeed, father and mother *are* lovers. What would they do without each other? I believe that what attracted me to Lord Carew is a distant resemblance I fancied he bore to father. O, what a wild dash of rain against my windows! I wonder if the sea is rough—and where James Keble is to-night! But I must finish about Mr. Wesley.

When we went back to the drawing-room, or very soon thereafter, he turned to mother with a grave bow and asked her if it were her pleasure to have prayers before he left.

Mother is the best bred lady I think I have ever seen, but she could not conceal a slight surprise in her blue eyes as she said: "Why, thank you, Mr. Wesley, yes." She commanded me to bring the prayer-book, which I did. We all knelt, repeating the usual prayers and making the responses with much solemnity; and then, before saying the benediction, Mr. Wesley, to my surprise, offered a petition of his own composing. Such a melting invocation my ears have never heard. It suspended my thoughts so between heaven and earth that I felt it would be



beautiful to die and meet the Lord Jesus Christ while I was in such a frame of mind. The tears rained from my eyes, and I fear they have left permanent stains on my new silk bodice; but I do not care. I have now discovered what is meant by the luxury of tears.

When he had gone, father said: "He who has left us will, I truly believe, be called the greatest man of this century. He has by nature the winning deportment and benignancy which no Jesuit ever possessed in so consummate a degree by art. He is as great a statesman as critic. He is also a saint, and his followers are increasing by thousands."

Mother looked thoughtful. After we had sat in silence for a little time we separated more affectionately than usual. Father held us both pressed to either side for a second before he kissed me good-night.



## CHAPTER V.

*I Go to Court.*

FATHER appeared so very tired last night that, although I had it on the tip of my tongue all day long to ask him if he would take me to the next drawing-room of Queen Charlotte, I refrained out of pity. There are lines in his face and a whiteness that I do not like—so different from his usual ruddy look! But he says he is well. Yet once, just after he said so, I noticed that he clapped his hand against his heart, as if a sudden pain had smote him.

Well, while mother and I were trying to join him after our late dinner in his usual supper of biscuits and toast and water, he looked up at me and asked,

“Cicely, my dear, what do you say to being presented this day week?”

I ran and threw my arms around his neck, crying, “Do you mean it, truly! and so soon, father?” And then I kissed him two or three times; for, although I love father, of course, so deeply,



yet I know he is fonder of my kisses than I of giving them.

He was so pleased, and said, "Next Wednesday it is to be, then, daughter. You and mother must wear the bravest court-dresses there. It will be a crowded drawing-room, and I want you to go, not only because it will be the proper thing, and because you should get into the very whirl of society, so to speak, through an introduction to good King George and Queen Charlotte, but because you will stand a chance of meeting many notables who will take pains to be present by reason of the late narrow escape his majesty had from death."

Father then related how the king, in getting out of his carriage at St. James, was accosted piteously by a poor woman.

He listened kindly as she presented a petition to him with her right hand. It had the usual superscription, "For the king's most excellent majesty."

When his majesty bent forward to take it the wicked creature drew from it with her left hand a dagger, which she aimed at his heart. It was so awkward a thing to take the knife with her left hand that the king, immediately perceiving her intention, started back. Although the woman made



a second thrust the knife had but touched his waistcoat when one of the attendants wrenched it from her.

There has been great rejoicing in London and throughout the country that our king is saved ; for, though he is dull, and stubborn, and conceited, he is so good a husband and father, and the Prince of Wales is so far otherwise, that England feels that she has escaped a horrible calamity.

And then the king showed so much lenity in saving the assassin from the will of the mob till her case could be inquired into, that afterward, when it was known that she was insane, his wise moderation received great praise.

So I have found myself praying with tears in my eyes for King George, although I never knew before that I had an iota of regard for his majesty.

Father is a most comfortable man in society, for he knows exactly how to obtain all he desires without in any way appearing rude. With him for my escort I know that I shall meet all the notables worth seeing ; and besides, when he is with me, I carry myself with a certain assurance I never feel at other times ; I feel it, but I cannot act it, for few know who I am ; but it seems to me that all London must know who father is.



It is now a week since my presentation, but that day will ever remain so vividly in my memory that it seems to me I could describe the queen and all that was said and done in my presence a hundred years hence, if I only had the good fortune to live till then. Father says that he often has patients who beg him to let them die and have done with this weary world. Such longings are Greek to me. I am happy all the day long, and the few crying times I have had seem always to prelude some special joy. I believe, if I so will it, it may go on thus forever. I hate people who are not cheerful, and I consider them very sinful.

At the drawing-room, certainly, all were smiles and compliments, and in gay costumes and court manners, albeit the king and queen are so domestic. But though they are simple in their tastes they are very formal, and so court ceremonies are ever conducted with due stiffness. The state of the House of Hanover, I ween, is very different from the glad and splendid ceremonial of the Tudors and the Stuarts.

But now, lest I should never see her again, I must write my say about Queen Charlotte.

She is no beauty, and she has no presence; but



Mistress Frances Burney told mother that she is full of sense and graciousness, and has delicacy of mind and loveliness of temper. Mother soon after took occasion to remind me of these vaunted traits by telling me to imitate the queen.

When I saw her, however, although she smiled on me with much sweetness as I kissed her hand, I courtesied rather to my ideal of queens than to the one who stood in front of me.

King George was not by her side; he is said never to stand in one spot long, but walks about and speaks to whomsoever he wishes.

It was the Duchess of Hamilton who presented me to her majesty, and, although my eyes were properly cast down, I could not be unmindful of my own fairness or of Queen Charlotte's paleness and thinness. She looks so German, for her forehead is low, the hair rising from it in natural scallops and combed high over a cushion, and this huge mass is topped still further by a row of puffs. Her eyes are full and her eyebrows heavy; her nostrils flare and give her a plebeian aspect. For my part, I would prefer the dominating nose of Queen Bess.

She has high cheek-bones, too, but good teeth, and her German plainness was offset by a ravishing



dress that made me despair. The front of her robe was all of white and silver, while from her shoulders depended a vast mantle of violet-colored velvet lined with ermine. This splendid train was fastened on one shoulder by a bunch of pearls, but it was so heavy that it fell half way down her waist. Still I would gladly have supported its awkward weight for the sake of owning such a gorgeous costume. The top of her head sparkled with a tiara of diamonds. Her long throat was clasped by a diamond necklace, and she wore a diamond stomacher worth sixty thousand pounds.

While I stood thinking of the beauty of a queen's wardrobe there stole into my mind a verse on which I had read some reflections by Jeremy Taylor—something about the lilies, how they neither toil nor spin, and yet surpass Solomon in all his glory.

The young Duke of Portland broke in upon my thought with asking me how I liked her majesty.

“O,” I replied, at a loss for a second for an answer, he looked so tall and grand, in his curling powdered wig, “her manners surely have an easy dignity which much surprised me, as I have some-way felt that imported royalty must be as plain as was Anne of Cleves.”



“She certainly has a fine, high breeding,” the duke replied; “and the court at present, my mother says, is a vast improvement upon the irregular one of King George II. But I hope, with more age, that the bloom of her majesty’s ugliness will wear off a little.”

I was shocked at his light way of speaking, under the very roof of St. James, of the queen. I said naught, as just then I perceived my Lord Carew approaching, and looking so brave that I should have been the most miserable of all animals if he had not driven even the queen from my mind.

We were mighty facetious together, and when I found that he smiled the more admiringly the sprightlier I became. I grew more and more excited, till it seemed as if we had got to flirtation before we were aware.

But shortly my father drew near, for he had fortunately left me a few minutes, or so much that was delightful could not have happened. He speedily took me to one side to present me to an antique friend of his, who was certainly as grave and muzzy an old creature as I have ever met; at least such was my first thought of her, for I was sorely vexed at having to leave Lord Carew.



But for father's sake I was as humble and soft as though I were in the awful presence of Mistress Hervey; and after a time I found something of good sense, intelligence, and archness in this venerable lady. I was never more glad in all my life that I had acted contrary to my inclinations when I found out that I had been talking with the famous Mistress Hannah More; for father and she had arranged it between them that I should not at first know what Miss More I was meeting. The kind old lady feared I would be abashed did I realize it at first, for in England, especially, the women are not yet used to blue-stockings, as are the French.

"Is she not a beautiful old lady?" asked my father; and he bent slightly to hear my response as we withdrew after I had made my best courtesy. "Did you notice those delicate, high-bred hands, and the combined goodness and intelligence in that sensitive face?"

I colored violently as father thus appealed to my taste; for the expressive green-gray eyes of Lord Carew had so filled my foolish mind that I could tell naught about the appearance of the lady that I had met but that she wore a huge, soft, triple ruff of finest embroidery and had a sweet smile. I was



so overcome with a sense of my great silliness that I could but just venture to ask, "Have you any of the books, father, that Mistress Hannah More has writ?"

"Yes, daughter. Perhaps, since you have met her at the queen's drawing-room, you would better read first *The Influence on Society of the Manners of the Great*."

I knew not whether he meant this for a reproof or not; but I answered very meekly, "If you please, father."

I saw many other notables at the drawing-room, and I hope to go to many more such assemblies, I had so delightful a time; but this one already fades into the past and grows dim because of the invitation we have for Dr. Burney's levee, two evenings hence, where I am to meet some of the most famous stars among the nobility and men of letters, as well as to listen to the delectable music one always hears at the great musician's home.



## CHAPTER VI.

## Martha Tells Me of Count Cagliostro.

DEAR me, dear me! Certainly this year 1783 is the *annus mirabilis* of my life. I feel bewitched, enchanted, under a spell! My mind, in short, is a medley of all the supernatural happenings I have ever read about, heard about, or dreamed of with my eyes open, but surely never expected to see.

And now, behold me on the threshold of what may prove a most eventful experience.

When I closed this chronicle, dear aunt, last night, my eyes as full of sleep-seeds as a poppy, my brain filled with projects for the good times to be had at Dr. Burney's, and I intending to hop into bed as quickly as I could, little did I think of the bag of news my maid, Martha, would bring, with all due secrecy, into my room.

I had just plaited my hair myself, and tied the bows of one of the bonnie night-caps you sent to me under my chin, and was thinking it more becoming than my lofty hat all in a tremble with the



pile of feathers, the tip of the fashion now, when Martha knocked, and walked in with a face as white as a sheet, and about to cry as she asked me to excuse her lateness.

I stood stock still with astonishment, forgetting the reproof I had meant to give her most sternly, and exclaimed: "What on earth is the matter, Martha? Are you ill?"

"No, ma'am," said Martha, her chin quivering; "but I am that scared, Mistress Cicely;" and then she wept violently.

I sat down on the edge of the bed, tucking my feet under the covers a wee bit, for the fire had gone out and the chamber was getting chilly, and then and there, as soon as Martha could stop crying, she told me such a tale as I never expect to hear again.

My teeth chattered with wonder more than cold. It was long after midnight when I dismissed Martha and then lay quaking and dreaming till dawn because of her marvelous story.

I have always found Martha truthful and reliable, and so I am more inclined to believe her than I might, although I would never dream of informing father of what I have heard, because of his strong prejudices against the supernatural.



I think mother, however, rather believes in ghosts, for whenever I have asked her about them she has said, "Stop thinking of such things, Cicely. What harm could a poor ghost do you?"

So I am sure she has either seen one or heard tell of them from most trustworthy sources.

Well, Martha's story was not a ghost story, and yet it was.

My maid has an aunt living in Whitcombe Street. This aunt is a masoness, and her uncle is a mason.

Martha says that when she stepped into their little parlor, which opens right off the street, she was confused out of her senses by seeing the curtains drawn and the candles lighted, though it was still early, and the fog much less than usual. In the middle of the room, seated on the best chair, was the handsomest and most elegant personage she had ever laid eyes on in her life.

"Miss Cicely," she said, "what you told me of Queen Charlotte when you went to court was just nothing at all compared with what I see."

"Have out with what you saw, Martha," I cried, impatiently. "For the watchman has just called eleven, and the good part of London is already asleep."



“Well, Mistress Cicely—” and then she gasped—  
“Go on!” I cried.

“It was Count Cagliostro I see, ma’am!” she said, in triumph.

“Well, who is he, and how did he look?” I retorted.

“He is the greatest and the oldest and the wisest man in the world,” said Martha. “He is one hundred and fifty years old, and his wife, Felicita, who looks as young as you, Mistress Cicely, is sixty. He has discovered the secret of perpetual youth.”

I was so full of wonder that, clasping my arms around my knees to draw myself into a bunch and keep warmer, I begged her to tell me all she knew.

So, poking up the fire, and laying on a fresh stick or two, she told the following tale, which I shall put into my own words:

He has a dark, very dusky skin, but a look of perfect health, features as handsome as those of the finest statues in Westminster, and such teeth, and two such eyes! There is something sinister-looking about him withal. His voice and manners have such facility of expression that it seems as if he must have lived a thousand years.

He wore a blue silk coat trimmed with silver lace



which ran down all the seams likewise, and an embroidered shirt of which the collar was thrown back, showing a thick, strong throat. He wore his hair in a long plait and tied with a blue ribbon. His stockings were speckled and clocked, and made of silk, and his velvet shoes had diamond buckles. He sparkled with diamonds every-where. His hat, ornamented with the finest ostrich plumes, lay on a table, while over his chair hung a long fur pelisse made of blue fox, Martha's aunt says (but I don't believe it, for father said he could not afford even me furs of blue fox).

While Martha was staring at him with such wonder that she forgot to courtesy, the door to her aunt's staircase opened, and in walked the Countess Cagliostro. She had on a rose-colored silk, many diamonds, and her hat also was trimmed with white feathers. The countess saw Martha at once.

My maid's knees knocked together with fear or awe, she did not know which. As far as she could think at all, she judged that some untold honor had come to her uncle and aunt, or that she was in the midst of a splendid vision that would disappear as soon as she had waked up, or that she was in the very presence of those famed astrologers that the



law has been trying to banish out of London. She made her best courtesy finally, whereupon the countess smiled sweetly, and asked her uncle was she a masoness, too, like her aunt.

Her aunt told her afterward that this grand man is being received with the greatest honor by the chief masons of London, and that among his followers are many titled people who are as yet unwilling openly to confess their loyalty. The count smiles over this, as time to him is of no account, and meanwhile he has lodgings with Martha's aunt in Whitcombe Street.

I asked Martha if she saw any of the means by which Count Cagliostro performed his arts, and she said yes, that her aunt had admitted her to a closet very stealthily where there was a whole row of bottles on a shelf, labeled, "Beauty waters," "Wines of Egypt," and many other curious names which she has forgotten. Martha's aunt says that the full treatment required by Count Cagliostro, by which a person is made young forever, takes a forty-days' course of medicine. One must undergo all kinds of sweating-baths and fainting-fits, and be starved well-nigh to death, so as to get near the spirit world while still in the body. The name by which



Count Cagliostro is known to his devoted followers is the Grand Cophta.

Whether I spell this name right or not I do not know; but this is the way it is on Martha's slip of paper, which her aunt told her to hold, as that name written brought good luck if one believed in it as one wrote it—and I am sure I do—and in many other things which would-be wise people laugh at, I know! just to conceal their limited understandings.

I found a quaint and very rare old book in father's library, titled, *On the Black Art*. There are announcements in it that ring in my memory o' nights most tormentingly if any thing frightens me. Do you not think that there must be some truth in such advertisements as these? For who could have the audacity to tell such lies out of the whole cloth but the very prince of liars himself? I add two of these thrilling statements, writ from my memory, where they cling with strange tenacity, as if they would call my attention more closely to Martha's new acquaintance. This is the first:

“A person who by his travels in many remote parts of the world has obtained the art of presaging or foretelling all remarkable things that ever shall happen to men or women in the whole course of



their lives, to the great admiration of all that ever came to him ; and this he does by a method never yet practiced in England."

Here is the second :

" Noble or ignoble, you may be foretold any thing that may happen to your elementary life—as at what time you may expect prosperity, or, if in adversity, the end thereof; or when you may be so happy as to enjoy the thing desired. Also young men may foresee their fortunes as in a glass, and pretty maids their husbands, in this noble, yea, heavenly art of astrologie."

How I wish I could see my life from beginning to end ! I am sure that then I should always preserve a calm and even demeanor, and be quite ready, when death came, to leave this world with decent composure. But, O how happy I should be if Count Cagliostro could make dear father look ruddy once more, and teach him and mother and me the blessed art of always staying young, and living in our beautiful new home forever !

I will not send this account to you till I can add the conclusion of what you will observe is only half of what I shall have to say on this interesting theme.



## CHAPTER VII.

## The Count Reveals My Fortune.

I HAVE a guilty conscience, and yet—a strange contradiction of spirit—I would not undo what I have done, though my heart is filled with a secret pain, half fear, half remorse. I find it difficult to look at father without the color mounting to my face, and I refrained through a wicked excuse from kissing dear mother good-night, last evening, lest that very kiss might constrain me to unburden my heart.

I took Martha and went to see Count Cagliostro. There it is, down in black and white! And here it is midnight, and I am writing to keep from trembling because of the memory of what I witnessed. I quake so, notwithstanding, that I fear I shall spoil my new escritoire with ink from my shaking pen. I have double my usual number of candles lighted, but the room looks eerie and as if every thing in it, myself, too, had been transformed.

Yesterday father was summoned to court to see



the Princess Elizabeth, and mother seized the opportunity to have his escort to Windsor, where she has long wanted to pay a visit.

So the first time in my life I was left alone with the servants, and as mistress-in-chief of the house. I used my liberty for this adventure.

I would I could have had it on another day, for surely there is less shame attending disobedience when one is much hedged in than when one has perfect freedom. But be this as it may, shortly before noon, and when the early spring sun was shining hotly down upon the streets, I sallied forth with Martha, while the butler was in the kitchen with the cook, and we were soon out of sight around the corner; thence under the shadow of the park to the south of us, and then across and around, up this street and down that, until I was well-nigh spent for breath. When I would have leaned against a house, for weariness, Martha said: "We are e'en about there, Mistress Cicely. Keep up heart a bit longer."

I drew a heavy sigh and plodded on, feeling so much like uttering a loud cry of some kind that a fitting occasion only was wanting to make me either laugh or sob.

"Don't be frightened, miss," said Martha, again,



with such firmness that I looked straight into her black eyes to see what made her so bold, and lo! she was as scared as I.

But just then we stopped before a low oak door with a huge, highly ornamented brass knocker, and Martha quietly and desperately raised it before I had time to say nay.

The sound seemed to thunder through my brain, and was ringing there still when a small African with a hump, and long feet that stood out like half-spread fans, unfastened the door, and, beckoning us silently within, locked it in a trice.

I would have fallen for faintness, but Martha, with her bold outside, which I much envied, put her arm around me and led me forward after the African, who had lighted a small lamp to illuminate the dismal way we had to traverse, though we had left a glaring sun outside.

We came, directly, into an immense hall draped in palls of crape adown all the walls and over the ceiling. We walked upon a soft black carpet, through whose deep pile gleamed strangely-interwoven creatures that looked like wriggling serpents trying to escape devouring red flames that bordered the entire room. Three ghostly lamps hanging from



the ceiling sent out an uncanny light like the sinister glimmer of a winking eye. In one corner were huddled skeletons with shreds of crape twisting in and out amid the ribs, and from one skull that leaned grinning against the wall hung a black flag all of crape.

In the center of this grim room was another pile of bones, all heads, whose eyeless sockets were worse than myriad baleful eyes to me. On either side of this vast heap, formed like an altar, was a pile of cabalistic books.

While we stood there—for the African had told us that we were to do so—there glided through a door opening out of the crapy wall a tall being in a black domino and a trailing black robe, who walked straight to the altar. He picked up one of the books and began to read in a low and solemn chant menaces against perjurers and those who offended the majesty of a present but invisible spirit. Other phantom forms then suddenly appeared trailing long shadowy veils, and one by one, without audible noise, they sank in different spots through the black carpet while still the reading went on. A fetid odor, most horrible, filled the room.

It seemed centuries that Martha and I stood



there, though, doubtless, it was only minutes. A cold sweat bathed me from head to foot. I tried to scream, to speak, but I could not. My throat closed together. While I thought I should suffocate, two men came out from behind the sable walls, and holding in their hands pale yellow ribbons tinged along the edges with red. One man bound his ribbon around Martha's head while the other, dipping his into a vessel filled with liquor the color of blood, wrung it out, and enswathed my temples.

My heart thundered like a great mill. As I felt the cold bandage on my forehead a blinding light smote my eyes. I fell in a deathly swoon. But I came out of it to find myself in a bright, gay room lighted from the ceiling, and Martha bending over me, wringing her hands and begging me piteously to forgive her. As soon as I had collected my senses, though I was ill to my very heart with fear, I whispered, "Martha, have the fortunes been told?"

She answered, "No."

"Then they must be told," I cried, with determination, "for we came for our fortunes, and it would be folly to go home without them."



“But, mistress,” said Martha, clasping her hands, “it is late, and Dr. and Mrs. Hunter will reach home, and you will not be there to receive them.”

Just at this minute the famous count entered with a bottle of the purest water in his hand. He approached me with a smile, bidding me look in the bottle and behold unrolled in the water a series of minute pictures, but wonderfully clear and distinct, with writing beneath them in the finest script.

Lo! the pictures were my life passing before me. They answered the echoes of my fondest ambition: revealing me two short years hence as a duchess, and ten years hence mistress of one of the greatest estates in Devonshire. Father was in the foreground, hale and ruddy, his hair but a trifle grayer than now; mother was leaning on his arm radiant with happiness.

I was entranced. I could have looked forever. But the pictures stopped suddenly. The count, though, assured me that he had the power, because of his miraculous age, to tell me that my life in the natural order of events would cover a long space, and that but little was required to endue my loved ones and me with immortality.



Then he asked me who I was, and I answered, though pondering why his divination could not tell him, that I was Miss Cicely Millicent Hunter, daughter of Dr. Hunter, Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty, the Queen.

The count bowed gravely.

I asked him my debt, and he replied, "Naught, madam, but your name on the long list of notables whose destinies I have foretold."

I cried out in a fright that my father might be displeased, and he said: "Impossible!" with so majestic a wave of his beautiful hand that I was silenced but not convinced.

Martha then begging me to go home, I did so regretfully, and, thanks to our lucky stars (I know not why, but astrological terms have always come most naturally to me), we were back a good half hour before my parents returned. When they came, father was tired to sickness, and mother so anxious in consequence, that they did not notice the excitement I felt, and which I feared would betray me before I was aware.

While Martha was combing out my hair that night I said to her: "Martha, I know not why, but Count Cagliostro impresses me with such full confi-



dence that I believe all that he said, as much as though it had been writ in the Bible."

"Well you may, Mistress Cicely," she answered; "for I know a score of persons whose fortunes have come true already. But I do not like it that the count has your name. If your father should know we had visited the astrologer I would be dismissed from his service and disgraced forever."

"Martha," I said, with solemn triumph, "father may not know till after some of this splendid fortune comes true, and then how can he say nay, in spite of his science? I am not afraid of father, for I am his only daughter, and his anger toward me has ever been that of a dying spark."

"Martha," I added, as she fell a-weeping for herself, "if ill-luck should come to you through my good fortune I will support you like a lady as soon as I become a duchess."

I felt weak still from the swoon and the great excitement of the afternoon; so I bade the frightened girl go to bed, little thinking how unearthly every thing would become around me while telling you this strange story late at night.

I am sitting propped up by pillows in my swan's nest, my desk drawn up close beside me. My



candles are already beginning to burn frightfully low.

But I await with confidence the coming great events. Knowing now that my dear father will grow strong again, I can easily hazard his passing displeasure.

There, one candle has burnt out! The room looks ghostly!



## CHAPTER VIII.

## A Musical.

I AWOKE this morning with a dull pain in my head. My eyes feel as Mrs. Betsey Killigrew's look. She is far gone with the dropsy. I got up right early, for my yesterday's adventure inspired me, except when I was in mother's presence and she kissed me, calling me her darling.

I would fain have lifted my eyes to hers, but could not because of such a heavy, sudden feeling of shame. I have heard fearful tales of the Jesuits, especially of their power to look like angels when they are telling most bold-faced and wicked lies. When mother said, "How sweet and fresh you look, daughter," and I made a great effort and smiled in her dear face, I thought I was fast becoming like one of those same wicked Jesuits.

I hastened away from her, saying I would find father, and right off the picture of Cain fleeing from the sight of man afflicted me so that I did not look ahead of me as I approached father's library, and thus ran right into his arms.



The jar knocked the tears over my eyelids, for my eyes were brimful.

Father cried, "Are you hurt, dear?" and kissed me and turned my face up to his.

"Only frightened," I said, and then I thought of the father of lies, for I was not scared except by my pursuing conscience.

Well, one can get used to a restless, accusing heart, as well as aught else; before breakfast was past I was as merry of speech, and felt so, too, after a manner, that I was just as if I had never seen Count Cagliostro. History tells us that the beginnings of most great things have been in secret, and so, perhaps, father and mother will realize one of these days that my curiosity in occult matters was a true inspiration.

The day passed slowly, though I took a nap just before dinner.

When the evening was setting in I was glad enough to begin to dress for Dr. Burney's party. Well it was for me that I did not show how tired I was, except for a paleness which was made greater by the high color in my cheeks.

"It is vastly becoming to you, miss, to look pale," said Martha. "You make me think of the white



and pink crocuses a-blooming together in the spring."

After Martha had curled and craped my hair, and dressed it over the high puff now come into fashion, she got out my new gown of Chambéry gauze, which is pale blue, and we were having a regular confabulation whether I should or should not wear pearls with it, when mother entered and put me into a great embarrassment by saying, "So earnest about jewels, Cicely?" and then she added with a half smile, "Consider the lilies of the field."

It ended in my wearing no jewels. I am afraid that I would have felt chagrined if things that Sir Joshua Reynolds has been kind enough to tell me about beauty unadorned adorned the most had not led me, before mother came to my room, to fancy that my neck and arms showed to better advantage devoid of either necklace or bracelets.

O dear! I realize that I am what Jeremy Taylor calls carnally-minded. Why will that book on Holy Living haunt me? Its arguments, surely, are too weighty for me to understand. Perhaps it is the music of the language, which I love to read aloud, that makes the words, even the thoughts, ring through my mind like a Sabbath-bell.



When we got to Dr. Burney's house, which is a long way off from ours, being in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Fields, the drawing-room was already so crowded with dignitaries that it was with difficulty I fetched my breath as I put on a cold demeanor while standing beside mother to pay my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Burney.

Near them was their son Charles, who has recently come home from Cambridge, and who is said to have a passion for rare and old books, spending all his money for them with such ardor that he has no envy of other possessions. He is a pleasant, scholarly young man, to whom it seems to come hard to find any thing to say to a young girl like me. So I was obliged to chatter something that meant nothing, to which he answered more kindly with his eyes than his tongue. Father's touch on my shoulder signaling me to move forward was most agreeable. I like the shadow of father's presence when we are in company. Just then a small, retiring little lady slipped toward us, and immediately father spoke to her with such flattering respect, and mother hastened to address her with so admiring a gaze, that I whispered, "Father, who is she?"

He laughed aloud instantly and said, "My



daughter Cicely, Miss Burney, whispers to ask who the author of *Evelina* is."

When I knew that I was in the presence of the lady whose book our great orator, Burke, sat up all night to read, I was dumfounded. She is the talk of all London. Even Mr. Sheridan says he is willing to place upon the stage at Drury Lane any play that she will write. And Mr. Boswell, Dr. Johnson's friend, is fairly jealous of Miss Burney because Mr. Johnson praises *Evelina* so highly and seeks opportunities to be in Miss Burney's society. She is in all the best society every-where, and is chaperoned by Mrs. Thrale, a beauty and social lioness as well. Miss Hannah More looks more like a great person than the author of *Evelina*, who has a demure, laughing mouth, and a kind eye that searches you; at least it did me. I wondered if she meant to put me in a book. She told father of an interview she had had with the king and queen. They certainly showed her extraordinary honor. She looks so young, yet she is in reality very old to be single. Thirty, or thereabout! At thirty shall I be the Duchess of ——?

Sir Horace Walpole thrust his hand out to Miss Burney just as good conversation was really begin-



ning. Though I stepped inadvertently on his gouty foot I felt only half sorry. I dislike masculine spinsters greatly. Sir Horace has such gossiping eyes that he saw us turn away, but insisted on saying to us right in Miss Burney's hearing, so that I blushed for her modesty, of which she is said to have much, "that there is not a cranny left in her for affectation." Her father, however, smiled all over his face with the compliment. He is a lively, agreeable old man, and so fond of his daughter that he is never tired of hearing her praises. Dr. Burney is very learned; a fellow of the Royal Academy, an author of a *History of Music*, a fine organist, a composer, and altogether so cultivated that there is really no household like his for seeing and being seen. James Keble is very proud over being related to this intellectual family, and Dr. Burney makes much of the connection, for he thinks James a rising young man.

I was dying to meet the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan and to catch a glimpse of her brilliant husband again. I take to them, from what I have heard of them, more than to most celebrities, and I think Mrs. Sheridan's history the most romantic that has been lived in London, in my short day at least. Sir



Joshua showed me her portrait in which he painted her as St. Cecilia, and certainly she looks divine. I do not believe she is ashamed of having been a singer, for who would be who could have had lovers and compliments showered upon her as she has had? It suits my idea exactly that Mr. Sheridan will not let her sing for the public now that she is married. He shows a manly pride.

I did see her at last, and looking like a girl. I did not wonder that Mr. Sheridan's own brother had fallen in love with her, or that Mr. Norris tried to sing himself into her affections, or that Sir Thomas Clarges was devoted to her, or that an old gentleman to whom she engaged herself when she was sixteen, and whom she found she could not love, broke the engagement for her sake and settled £3,000 upon her. Count Cagliostro could not foretell a more romantic fortune than hers.

I looked to see how she was dressed, for I thought that such a noted beauty might give me some ideas.

She wore a black velvet bodice, above which came a handkerchief of finest tulle slightly parted at the throat. Her fine hair was powdered and arranged in loose curls puffing back from her fore-



head, and her whole expression was sweet and attractive—quite a contrast to the great Mrs. Siddons, who chanced to be standing a little back of her; for Mrs. Siddons has the grand air which an imposing figure gives. While I glanced at her I heard her speak, and, though her voice is clear and good, it is most tragic, and would scare me out o' my wits on a dark night. 'Tis said she addresses her mantua-maker as Lady Macbeth might the king. Nevertheless she is as modest and sensible as she is great, and, though much run after, declines great dinners; for she is devoted to her family, and all her life in public is solely for their sake.

But the evening was going, and I had not met Mr. Sheridan, and I had looked in vain to spy Lord Carew come in; for I had managed to let him know that I should be at Dr. Burney's, and I had caught my breath once or twice, thinking I beheld James Keble, whom I want to see and do not want to see; and I had craned my neck every time a bit of music sounded to find out whether it could be made by Mr. Charles Wesley, who is a nephew of the great divine who dined with father not long ago.

At this juncture dear mother complained that she had got a headache. Father was for ordering the



coach right away to take us home, when who should plant himself right in front of us but Mr. Sheridan, who, from being thought poor and famous, suddenly posed before London as rich and famous, and with enough mystery about it to make the glamour of his name deeper than ever! He is a wonderful man to look at, a more wonderful man to hear, and, it is said, so delightful in his home that his parties have more jollity, though less dignity, than Dr. Burney's.

I am very well satisfied with Dr. Burney's, though I would like to be invited to Mr. Sheridan's. Just to look at the great wit's chin, cleft in twain by a merry dimple, and to see the arch of his brows and the fire and softness of his eye would let you know that you were talking to a genius. Father says that this writer comes fairly by his gifts, for his mother was a most clever woman and his father and grandfather were men of much intellectual ability. But father laid great stress on his mother's smartness, and I have heard him say time and again that no man ever rose to eminence in religion, letters, or politics who did not owe his power to a superior mother. He says that silly girls and silly women set the world back in its progress more than aught else.



Mr. Sheridan is called such a procrastinator. I looked in his face for a sign of it. I saw none. I suppose I am still too young to have faces tell me much of what lies below the surface. I certainly like Mr. Sheridan's, and find it hard to believe the story that two days before "The Critic" was to be played he had not finished composing the last scene. Lord Carew told me that Mr. Sheridan's father-in-law invited him to dinner, and then, while the meal was preparing, proposed a saunter to Drury Lane. Then the stage manager requested a private audience with the writer, and then, when Mr. King had got him in a room alone, turned a key on him, and Mr. Linley shouted through the door to him that he could not come out till his farce was finished.

I observed that father spoke with as much sedateness and reserve to Mr. Sheridan as if he were the pope addressing a heretic. Father likes few people who seek to do common things in an uncommon way, and, though he would be the last to decry Mr. Sheridan's great parts, he says that the successor of Garrick has shot up like a rocket and will fall in the same way.

As I turned to glance down the room, which was getting packed fuller and fuller with people, all



laughing and talking and bowing, and the spinet, harp, and violin thrumming threads of the choicest music through the confusion, my eye caught a bit of pink through a long straight crack made from one end of the room to the other, through the company, and then across that crack, as if it had yawned on purpose, James Keble wedged himself, and I saw that he had on a pink evening-coat; and very gay and brave he looked, though arrived in port but a few hours ago. He did not disturb my peace of mind enough to prevent me from saying to myself with much scorn, "Cicely Keble, indeed!"

And then he walked straight down that crack, his eye fixed on mine in a masterful way that fidgeted and vexed me.

Father moved, fixing me like a vise, and as mother was all eyes for Mr. Sheridan, there I was, most cruelly and desperately glued to the spot, and still James Keble coming forward.

He is, without gainsaying, a dangerously handsome young man. If I could be sure that his success in life would equal his ambition—for he sets his stake nothing short of the admiralty—why!

He held out his hand with a warm yet haughty assurance of welcome; so I took it a trifle carelessly



and let it go with as much indifference as Miss Lydia Languish.

He asked me to allow him to escort me near the musicians, as his friend, Mr. Charles Wesley, was in that corner.

Mother, of course, had ears for this politeness, although she seemed so absorbed in Mr. Sheridan; for she turned and said, with so much approval in her tone, "Yes, go, my dear, by all means," that I had naught else to do but acquiesce.

Mr. Keble walked off with me on his arm with such an air as if he owned me that I hugged the thought of disappointing him; but he did make a way for us so smoothly, and all the time keeping the crowd from pulling on my Chambéry gauze, that I must concede him to be a most comfortable companion for such an occasion.

He looked down at me with much pleased assurance, yet gentleness, once. His light hazel eyes have a depth in them like the sea. I fancy he might be as fierce and ruthless as the ocean, did any one anger him.

When we got to the musicians they were just stringing their instruments. The humming sound was like the murmur of a great bee-hive. I was at



once carried away in spirit to the country, with its sweet sights and smells and sounds.

The next minute my fingers tingled to seize one of those violins and play a composition of Bach which that composer had done me the honor of dedicating to me because of a cure father has effected for him. So self-forgetful was I that I thrummed on Mr. Keble's arm. This so amused him that he laughed a little. Such teeth as he has—strong and white! His very smile is so contagious that it provokes merriment. I blushed and drew myself up, for I desired him to see that I was fast growing into a stately dignity which I believe I can have with a little effort and caution, for, though I am not tall, I am very straight.

Mr. Keble looked at me a trifle quizzically, but he said nothing for a second. I wished I could make his presence repulsive to me; but I cannot yet.

Presently he pointed out the two brothers, Samuel and Charles Wesley, sons of the Mr. Charles Wesley who writes such beautiful hymns. I thought Samuel Wesley the more interesting. He is still but a boy, though a marvelous one, as he composed an oratorio called "Ruth" when he was



but eight, and his touch on the spinet is wonderful. But Charles Wesley I liked much. He was quite as fashionably attired as Mr. Keble. I surmise the young men need "consider the lilies" as much as mother thinks I do. Mr. Wesley wore a beautifully-fitting white coat, and a tambour waistcoat worked in green silk. Whenever he spoke he diffused so much knowledge in his conversation, and in so simple and natural a way, that he reminded me of his uncle John.

Dr. Burney has an organ in his house. Presently Charles sat down before it, while Samuel went to the spinet, and, at the suggestion of Dr. Howard, a very distinguished organist, they prepared to sing and accompany a set of songs which Mr. Charles had recently composed.

As Samuel played Dr. Howard whispered to me, "Does not the youth look as though he had dropped down from heaven?"

Suddenly Mr. Keble suggested a violin, as, in his opinion, it would add to the pathos and melody. He then said, "Miss Hunter plays the violin with much skill."

Immediately all the gentlemen turned to me as though they had been shot. Mr. Charles Wesley



sprang from the organ with more sweetness than I could possibly have mastered had I been hearing my own talent made public. He handed me a curious, quaint violin, that I at once perceived to be a treasure, and implored me so gallantly to play with them that I could not refuse, and, moreover, all the music in me was so awake that it was easier to play than to keep still.

When I had stringed my instrument, and struck a few notes just to try its temper, it answered me with such a thrill and tremble that I asked myself did I have the soul of a disembodied singer in my keeping. Certainly that violin said wonderful things.

The Earl of Mornington, who is so fond of Mr. Charles Wesley that they breakfast weekly together, now begged for an anthem which the young musician had composed. It is entitled, "My soul hath patiently tarried."

The rich, solemn notes of the combined instruments must have had a very stilling effect, for as we continued it was as if the house had turned into a church. My little violin was such a music-box that I could have hugged it to my heart, and indeed I did a wee bit, till presently I forgot every



thing and felt as if floating in a sea of blissful sound. When I came out of this heavenly bath and glanced up, there stood father, with his arms folded, gazing at me with mingled love and pride. The great Mrs. Siddons was just in front of me, and looked for all the world like a statue of Juno. And Mr. Sheridan's head was to one side, and he staring at me out of his bright Irish eyes as though he had never seen me before. But James Keble's eyes transfixed me for a second, for, though he was gazing to my right, they wore an uplifted, angry, startled expression that made me turn my head to behold my Lord Carew bent forward with a flaming, ardent stare at me, as if he had sheer forgot himself in admiration.

All this happened quicker than I can write it. I suddenly knew that romances *were* heaping thick about me. I *had* played on a violin, if not at Strawberry Hill. And here was I with two lovers!

Mr. Wesley came to me while these thoughts swept through my mind, and asked, "How do you like my Stradivarius?"

"A Stradivarius!" I exclaimed, and felt afraid to hold the little instrument longer lest something should happen to it.



"It spoke like an angel to me, sir," I replied, "and no wonder. How good you are to trust me with it!"

"No," he replied, thoughtfully. "I saw that you were a true lover of music—yes, an inspired one. May I beg a favor of you, which you will excuse me for saying would be a compliment to gentlemen? Mr. Handel has been composing some music for certain hymns my father has writ, and a company will meet at our house to practice it. Should you be pleased to come, if I addressed Dr. Hunter?"

I colored up to my eyes with surprise and joy, and clasped my hands and cried, "O, how delightful!"

So the long and the short of it is that I am not only to go, but sometimes to take a part. Father is highly gratified, and mother pleased too, though she talks much to me on conceit and humility these days.

I do like Mr. Charles Wesley, Jr., so much. I have yet to meet his father. He is such a sensible, amiable, frank young man, that I feel more at home with him than I do with either Lord Carew or Mr. Keble. Although he is very



fond of jocoseness in others I notice that he seldom says things himself to make a laugh. If I had a brother I should like him to be just like Mr. Charles Wesley.

Well, I have made an uncommonly long story of Dr. Burney's musical party, but, if I paid justice to it, I ought to fill a book with it.

I should be perfectly happy if father and mother knew about Count Cagliostro. I hate to keep a secret. I never had a real one before. They are not as nice as I thought they were. If any thing pleasant or unpleasant should come of that strange adventure I will let you know. Good night, dear aunt.



## CHAPTER IX.

## Chesterfield Street.

IT is now a week and a day since the party at Dr. Burney's, and in that week not one event of importance happened. The unfolding of my destiny seems to have stopped all of a sudden. But yesterday the wheel o' fate turned another revolution in the shape of my first concert at Mr. Charles Wesley's.

I went with curious eyes and a curious heart, for while I was out in the morning to look at a satin bodice and petticoat at the New Exchange, which mother kindly said I might order sent to her name and charge did I like them, I met no less a person than father's friend, the Reverend John Wesley.

I was in my sedan chair, attended by a footman, for father now makes us daily observe all due state; why I know not, for in the old house he was not punctilious to an extreme extent.

I did overhear him tell mother, however, that King George had said right plainly that it was only



fit that a man so eminently in chirurgery as he should be knighted.

I have been told that when Mrs. Siddons was first getting ready to play Lady Macbeth she wore her queenly robes for days together, so that she should become well used to fancying herself a queen ; perhaps father thinks this extra state in our daily life becoming, so that should he be My Lord, and dear, sweet mother My Lady, they will feel in this respect to the manner born. Of course I know not whether this imagining be true. Except for the worldly advantage of it, I think we are just as good as we are. Nevertheless, if I am to be a duchess, it were better not to take one tremendous step to exaltation, but to attain such high rank by degrees.

Well, it was ten of the clock, and we were just passing St. Paul's, Covent Garden, still a most fashionable church, though Mr. Keble says it has had its day—O, churches are so mammon-loving nowadays it makes me sick!--when some one slightly stooped and peered into the window of my chair.

Lo, it was the great preacher!

It was as if a painting on metal or china were thrust in upon me, his face was so remarkably clear and distinct, etched against the air like the twigs of



trees are when the sun has gone down and the sky is clear and somber. I wondered could his complexion vie with mine, which Martha says is perfect. He had on his band and cassock, and his long white hair, glistening like silver as the sunlight fell athwart it, made him look so spirit-like that I could think of naught else but the white bloom left of a thistle in autumn which the wind may any instant dissipate. Never did I see such an old man in my life—so majestic, so calm; and yet a spare man, but well-proportioned. Though father is a great big man, he, notwithstanding, says 'tis his belief that fine-grained men, like fine-grained wood, are oft-times weighty with marvelous little bulk.

He asked me various polite questions about my health, and especially father's, and I noted his eye took on a serious cast. He was turning away, after praying me to give his duty to my honored parents, when he returned to me and inquired smilingly what time I got up o' mornings.

"At eight," I said, with a rising blush; for I had heard strange stories of his abstemious habits.

"So late!" he replied, with a reproachful smile, yet gently. "Though I have risen at four for above fifty years, and have usually preached a sermon at



five each morning, yet leisure and I have taken leave of one another." He looked at me thoughtfully, with his bright eyes not a whit dimmed by age. Just then Count Cagliostro passed behind him and out of sight; but that vision sent the blood back upon my heart so forcibly that I must have turned pale, for Mr. Wesley said still more gently, "Be not frightened at my solemnity, although I would have you serious-minded and useful after your talent—or, perchance, ten talents?"

These last words set me a thinking, and even while I was regarding the bodice, which I saw at a glance would be vastly becoming, I kept saying to myself, "perchance ten talents?" The very idea confounded me.

I had *one* talent, for my skill in music none have ever gainsaid; but his interpretation of a gentlewoman's usefulness at one minute amazed me, and at another struck me as so sensible and awe-inspiring that I fell into a perfect maze of query and speculation concerning all the talents of which I might possibly be compounded. "Surely," I said to myself, "father's daughter should amount to something!" But never till that moment had I had a thought that it behooved me to



be aught beside a fine young lady and a good churchwoman.

Mr. Wesley's admonishing—for I could take his words no otherwise, gently as they were spoken—haunted me like a bad dream. Even while I was tuning my violin, toward nightfall, and Martha was scalloping a gay bit of red ribbon with which to make a bow for my instrument, I kept asking myself, "For what purpose, really, am I made? What will be the middle and end of my life? Will any be benefited by my living?"

I recognized that all these queries were a jumble of Jeremy Taylor, the Catechism, and the Prayer Book; but they kept a sounding in my soul mighty solemn, and as if they had grown there like a plant that suddenly springs up from the soil though no one has sown seed.

Strange to say, busy though he is, father went with me to Mr. Wesley's.

Chesterfield Street is not so grand a neighborhood as ours, but the Wesley house is a large and substantial one, and if a house is to be estimated by the people it contains this mansion is a notable one.

There were not so many present as at Dr. Bur-



ney's, but the entertainment was of the choicest, and, as music was made a business of by all, we gradually waxed into a passion of sentiment and enjoyment that was exceedingly delightful.

I kept up a searching scrutiny of the Reverend Charles Wesley whensoever I could, for he and his brother are divided in opinion on the subject of chamber concerts.

The younger brother says that if God bestowed on him two such prodigies in musical ability as his sons Charles and Samuel, he gave them by this same useful gift a clear revelation of their course of life; and that, though they are much noticed by the royal family as well as by the highest nobility, it behooves them none the less to keep themselves unspotted from the world and steadfast in all manner of sobriety.

The Wesleys were so jubilant, however, on this, my first evening at their house, that I, happily for my good spirits, forgot all the depressing things with which Martha had regaled me concerning the strange beliefs of people who are of the Church, and yet, in the estimation of many, a bitter scandal to the Church. Their jubilation was very seemly to me, and eminently befitting people of cultivation



and ambition, for Mr. Charles, junior, has recently been made organist of St. Marylebone. The father is curate of St. Mary's, Islington, which position he has held many years, but, as it were, under protest.

I have heard that he was summoned before the Archbishop of Canterbury for preaching in churches to which he had no canonical appointment, and that this was the beginning of his preaching in the fields. Yea, his daughter Sarah acknowledged to me, after some questioning on my part, that as many as ten thousand at a time had hung upon his words at some of these out-of-door sermons; but that her father was a man of such tender sensibilities and of a spirit so gentle, and withal so stable a churchman, that he thought it fitting to even bear persecutions in silence for the welfare of the Establishment, and yet to follow his own bent with a firm heart when indorsed by a good conscience. And she told me, with tears welling to the very brim of her speaking eyes, that his zeal for the poor, the outcast, and the sinful, had brought him, time and time again, nigh unto martyrdom, simply because these needy ones were not of his parish or sermonized within a sanctuary indorsed by the State Church. Over and over



has he faced angry mobs until his clothes were torn to tatters and the blood ran down his face in streams. She says that her uncle John, though so small a man, is warlike. But Admiral Nelson is a mighty small man, too. Does not his statue adorn Westminster Abbey because of his fearless and valorous deeds? It may be that in the years to come the saintly faces of these two gifted brothers will add to the holy light of good influence ever present in the stately Abbey. When I wander through the cloisters and chapel and beneath the solemn arches of Westminster, reading name upon name of those who have been of service to society, religion, or the State, I ween no English man or woman could desire greater honor than to be enrolled among those worthies. What a seemly sculpturing in marble it would be to represent these two brothers preaching to an ardent multitude beneath the cathedral vault of the sweet, sunny sky!

I saw naught of the fierce courage of the Wesleys, of course, the night of the concert, for it would have been as much out of place among a company so peaceably inclined as would the Duke of Wellington's valor at Waterloo in a drawing-room. Yet, silly girl that I am, I kept looking for some signal dis-



play of heroic qualities while the peaceful notes of Handel's *Susanna* were floating melodiously through the rooms.

The hymnist has a certain abruptness and oddity of manner, combined with the sweetest simplicity and frankness, that let me know that I was in the presence of a man with a vocation. I think he showed me a great mark of favor, when I was about to leave, by presenting me with a book of his hymns, though he did say that his son Charles had requested him so to do. The poetry is set to music chiefly of his son's composing. A few of these tunes I have tried by myself, and I must say that they are deeply pathetic. Some of the effusions ring in my mind like a chant. I would I could hear them sung at the Lady Margaret Chapel, where we go o' Sundays.

Although, as I have said, there were not so many present as at Dr. Burney's, still the company was as distinguished; and among the seventy or eighty who were there were the Bishop of London, the Danish and Saxon ambassadors, the Earl of Mornington, of course, a score or more of other nobility, among whom were Lord Dudley and Lord Carew, and late in the evening James Keble entered with the cele-



brated musical composer, Dr. William Boyce, who just now is the most fashionable man in all London.

So soon as it was known he had arrived, at a signal from Mr. Wesley, Samuel Wesley, James Keble, and I set ourselves to pay him the compliment of the evening, which was the rendering of one of his trios for two violins and a bass, which are so popular that they are played every-where.

I gave Master Samuel a gentle shove to begin, as his eyes were too wandering for attention, and while waiting for him to collect himself I thought what a pity it would have been had I popped off in my illness of last year, and so have missed the delectable entertainments of this year !

I was provoked a wee bit with Mr. Keble, for he looked so caught with my playing that he had eyes and ears for naught else. I was the more irritated as his own part suffered in consequence, and because he is not often successful in playing his rôle in society with a fine majesty that fits him well. But why need I waste my sympathy or my thought on him ?

Lord Carew was all agreeability as usual, but I cannot but observe that this is his universal manner. To see him a-bending over Sarah Wesley,



who must be already past twenty, made me fetch my breath indignantly. I hate to see a man treat all damsels alike, and that likeness making him look, a few rods off, as if he were ardently in love at every crook and turn with each pair of bright eyes he beholds himself in. Charles Wesley's cool manner is so different. It directly acquaints you that he is thinking neither of you nor himself. He is wed to music; that is certain.

But the pair who interested me most at the concert were Mr. Frederick William Herschel, private astronomer to King George, and his sister Caroline. I ached to ask the astronomer a multitude of questions, but, despairing of gaining his ear, as he was surrounded continually, between the intervals of music, I wedged my way to Miss Herschel, thinking, perhaps, that a woman would, after all, have a more familiar way of speaking of occult things.

Miss Herschel's accomplishments and vicissitudes are enough to scare the wits out of a young person; but fear can never thwart my courage. So, though I had in mind the eight comets that she has discovered, and all the tales of midnight watches for stars as yet unknown—of the grindings and polishings she and her brother had kept up to make proper



magnifying mirrors, and their manifold privations while they were still poor and not famous—I finally seized my chance and addressed her, very adroitly, by speaking of the extraordinary gifts of Count Cagliostro, and asking did she believe in divination by the planets.

She looked down into my face wonderingly, and with a near, kind, motherly gaze—not a whit as if she had had her eyes turned upward weeks at a time, looking into secrets millions of miles away. Then she laid her hand on my head, although her other hand rested on a cane, for she is at present lame, and said, most quietly and forcibly, “No, my child, I do not. Could I have found out, with all my years of study of the stars, coming events, I would not now be lame.”

Quite forgetting Count Cagliostro, I begged her to tell me of her accident, of which I had already heard something.

She smiled, and replied,

“I ever dislike to speak of sickness or aught unpleasant ; but you have a sympathetic face—”

Then, pausing a second, as if to compose her thought, she continued :

“It was the night of the last day in September,



and so bitter cold that the ink froze in our bottles. It was so cloudy that early in the evening no stars were visible ; but at ten o'clock, a few scattering ones appearing, we sallied out, and my brother, while standing near the front of the telescope, cried out to me to change its motion to one side, for he was about fifteen feet above the ground, on a scaffolding for the telescope, and could not help himself. An iron hook was hanging down from one end of the groove in which the telescope moved—such an iron hook as butchers use for hanging meat on. The ground was covered a foot deep with melting snow, and, as I was running through it in the darkness, I fell on this hook, which entered my right leg just above my knee. ‘Hurry!’ I cried out, for I was in sore pain, ‘hurry! for I am hooked.’ My brother and the workmen were with me in a trice, but they could not lift me off without leaving nearly two ounces of my flesh behind. I had to be my own surgeon, by applying aqua-buscade and tying a kerchief about it for some days ; and then, after six weeks, as I had to be constantly on my feet with the telescopes, we saw there was danger of my losing my limb, and sent for Dr. Lind. The doctor said had a soldier met



with such a hurt he would have been entitled to six weeks' nursing in a hospital.

"So you see, Miss Hunter, even those who study the stars suffer the fate of mortals who keep their eyes on the ground."

I fell into deep thought over this quiet woman, and asked myself, "Could ever such a flutter-budget as I fear I am fast becoming learn aught from her to make me more serious-minded?" She is truly one of the wonderful females of England; for there is naught she has not done, through her deep love for her brother, in the way of self-denial, though 'tis said her gifts are great, and only excelled by her sisterly devotion. She is now but little over thirty, and that is young for fame, father says. As a girl she had so meager an education, being a German, and her mother thinking that girls should learn nothing but housekeeping, that, when her father died, she had to earn her bread through dressmaking and millinery; and in this drudgery she continued till her brother became famous in Bath as organist and director of concerts for the fashionables. At Bath she gained great reputation for vocalizing, but gave all her opportunities for singing up so soon as her brother needed more



of her time in astronomy. Now that the king has given Mr. Herschel a pension, and Miss Herschel one also, though 'tis said no king ever purchased the services of greatness at so cheap a rate, she has more leisure. It is thought that, whatever comets are in hiding anywhere in the starry heavens, Miss Herschel will sure discover them, her telescope is in such perpetual search.

Mr. Charles Wesley broke in upon my reverie by bringing up the ubiquitous Mr. Horace Walpole, who began to talk to me at once on every subject under the sun. Though I was flattered by his attention—as who would not be?—I could think only of our parrot at home, in his coat of green and red, and with his independent, conceited stare. And I liked him the less because he gossiped about our host and his brother beneath their very roof, so to speak, and in no complimentary terms. He asked had I been to the opera lately, and when I said no he laughed facetiously, and added that he had been to but one opera in a month, and that was Mr. Wesley's.

It seems that boys and girls sing freely at these Methodist services; “charmingly,” said Mr. Walpole, and then, with a wink in his wicked eyes, he continued, “hymns, in parts, to Scotch tunes.”



I kept my own opinion snug, for Mr. Walpole is an old man, and, as a rule, if a young person speak all her thought to an old one she is set down for impudent.

So I listened discreetly, and presently asked how the Methodist chapel looked (for it is the out-of-door meetings that Martha has attended).

“It is very neat, with true Gothic windows. Yet I am not converted. I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution; they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle: on this are two eagles with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed-chairs to all three. On either hand a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so, you see, the throne is for the apostle.”

“And so it should be,” I said, hotly, waxing indignant to hear this feeble old man, who never, I believe, did a useful thing in his life, speak so lightly of those whom father treats with so much



respect. The customs he describes are the same as those of the Lady Margaret Chapel, where we have ever worshiped. "Is there not a choir, stately and sumptuous, in Westminster, for dignitaries, and is there not likewise a chancel with all due appurtenances in St. Paul's? I wonder that Mr. Wesley is so modest when he has such a following, which, my father says, will be yet greater, until it overshadows our own State Church, unless it become more godly and less conformed to the fashions of the world."

I stopped suddenly, not because I could say no more, but because this was the longest speech I had ever made in my life, except to Martha, and because I saw Mr. Walpole gazing at me admiringly and as if he were not listening a whit to my reasoning, which seemed to me very good.

"Have you ever seen Mr. John Wesley?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, embarrassment fast beginning to tie my tongue, now that I had stopped talking.

"He is a lean, fresh-colored old man, is he not? His hair this day was smoothly combed, but with a soupçon of curls at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his



sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often altered it, for it was like a lesson."

Mr. Walpole talked so peevishly that I could not have excused him had I not heard that he is sadly out of health. His ridicule has but confirmed me in the belief that Mr. Wesley is mightily stirring up England, for, young as I am, I have learned already to know that it is the most powerful who are most talked against.

I knew, all the while that I was conversing with the master of Strawberry Hill, that James Keble was behind me. I felt him as surely as though I had eyes in the back of my head. And at the first real pause he said,

"Miss Hunter, your sedan is come to fetch you home. May I have the honor of handing you to it when you are ready?"

I looked at him a moment, half-vexed and half-pleased, and asked,

"Is there no servant here to make so humble an announcement?"

"I am your servant," he said, in a low tone, but not so low but that Mr. Walpole's ears caught his words.



That old gossip smiled as he hobbled away on his gouty feet.

"An you *are* my servant, Mr. Keble," I said, "you may, of course, hand me to my chair."

He colored finely at this unexpected sally, and was too disconcerted for a reply.

Then I ran off to get ready, half fearing he would not help me, and knowing that I should feel greatly ashamed to fall back upon Mr. Wesley's manservant with so many fine gentlemen present.

But Mr. Keble was at the foot of the staircase when I came down, looking as tall and solemn as if he were already an admiral, and gazing withal at me so despairingly—for I looked tall and grand too, with a lace scarf resting on top of my high frizzed toupée. I walked also with as lofty a step as I knew how.

When he took my hand it was with such suppressed ardor that he sent a thrill of fright and pleasure both through me, and I fetched a sigh that he is not higher in the world.

He looked as if he half guessed my thoughts, for his face softened, and as he said good-night—the torches outside the house lighting up his countenance till it showed like a fine piece of bronze—he



added, "I go to sea again a fortnight hence. Shall you be sorry?"

I was sorry then and there beyond my control, and, had he struck me in the heart, I could not have felt a more sudden or heavy pang.

He saw that I kept silence through surprise and regret. Lifting my hand and kissing it as it was never kissed before, he bowed, and gave Jack, a trusty old servant who has been with father many years, the word that I was ready, and away we went. Father had been suddenly called away an hour earlier on pressing business.



## CHAPTER X.

## The Stolen Books.

SO soon as I got home Martha's white and dolorous face acquainted me that something dreadful had happened. Though mother was sweet and serene as usual there was, notwithstanding, a gravity in her manner that betokened more than Martha's face.

"Is aught the matter, mother darling?" I cried.  
"Is father ill?"

"Ill with chagrin, Cicely, and anxiety; for some of his rarest and most valuable books are missing. The loss of the books is not the worst, however, for he is sure that no one knew where they were but Marcus, and your father would rather doubt himself than Marcus."

I turned faint as mother said this, for I loved Marcus too. I well knew, moreover, that it was not this good old man who was at fault, but no less a person than my wretched self.

O, how the delightful party at Mr. Wesley's and



my own light heart while there danced before my fancy to mock my horrified guilty self at this present moment. I tried to speak, but could not.

Dear mother eyed me with a fleeting suspicion and then dismissed it. Putting her arm about me and smiling she said, "You are too tired to hear more to-night, and, as nothing can be done till morning, go to bed and rest, and to-morrow you shall know all."

She kissed me good-night in the drawing-room, and, calling Martha to her and bidding my maid care for me well—mother will feel that I am still a little, helpless child—she left me to go to father, while Martha and I went in the opposite direction, but not without an involuntary guilty look, which, had mother seen it, must have revealed all. So soon as Martha and I were in my room I pushed the bolt, and, falling in a heap on the floor, I wept bitterly.

"Don't, don't, Miss Cicely," pleaded Martha. "I thought your wit would keep us out of this scrape. If you take on thus I must go to Mrs. Hunter and confess all."

This speech stopped my tears and set me a thinking. After a little our hope waxed, and between us we concocted a fine scheme.



I must go back a little, dear aunt, and remind you that the day my fortune was told, as there was no time left for Martha, I had myself suggested that the Count Cagliostro would perhaps come to the house for her at some time when father and mother were away.

This he refused till he happened to bethink himself of father, when he asked would Martha receive him in Dr. Hunter's private rooms.

We were aghast, for, though the rooms are often empty, it is Marcus who carries the keys in father's absence; for Marcus, though a servant, is no fool, and wise in chymistry and physics. Latterly he has even compounded many medicines.

Martha said she knew a way of getting the keys, and I would consent, which I finally did. I was so foolish as to say that father had some queer and ancient books on the black art by which he set great store, and that, if time allowed, I would show them to the count.

He looked highly pleased, and, indeed, so elated that I half repented of the offer, especially as I had overheard father tell Marcus where they were while I sat reading behind a curtain. Many a time had I dipped into these books, when I had gained



special permission to sit in the library on such occasions as I knew father to be away and Marcus busy in the adjoining room with the chymicals. Indeed, I am sure it was these very tomes that first opened to me all the wonderful world of fate, and visions, and fortune-telling.

Every thing, unfortunately, happened just as Martha and I wished.

Father and mother went suddenly to Hampton Court. Martha at once got word to the count, while I, at her advice, fixed a dainty dish for Marcus for which he has a weakness, but which always throws him into a colic.

Marcus refused the temptation at first. I pooh-poohed until he succumbed. Scolding himself soundly when the pain soon ensued, he betook himself to bed for a good rest, and thus left the coast clear.

Martha stole the keys from his jacket pocket on her return, and when the count came he told her a more wonderful fortune than any I have ever heard.

He asked to see the books, which are little and worn, and bound in wood, with silver mountings.

After reading them for the space of a few minutes he laid them down and walked about the rooms,



picking up some of the instruments, smelling the drugs, reading the titles of books; and finally saying, suddenly, as if he were reminded of something, that he must be gone, he pronounced a strange kind of incantation, which he called a blessing, over Martha and me, and withdrew through father's own private door.

After much thinking I decided that Martha and I must rise betimes and go at break of day to her aunt, waylaying the famous count at breakfast.

This I was the more ready to try as I had never seen London streets at dawn, and was, moreover, nothing loth, if possible, to find the famous fortune-teller an impious fraud; for the very thought of being a duchess made me sick at heart with the knowledge that James Keble would again so soon be gone.

I slept heavily, with wondrously bad dreams and startings.

When Martha called me I awakened with such an oppression that I could have felt no worse had I been summoned to a funeral.

The city presented a strange and solemn but work-a-day sight, for none were abroad but the toilers, or belated paupers whose dreary gaze and



shambling steps horrified me so, together with the memory of my wickedness, that I painfully realized that the way of sin is easy but sorrie and dreadful.

There was such a heavy fog, too, over all; the dim morning light was more somber and forbidding than the evening twilight. The tall buildings, with their streaks of velvet soot, stared at me like huge, unwashed faces down which tears had run. Every now and then some one half stopped and looked at us, till shortly I felt like crying out to every passer-by who I was.

Well, after what seemed an age, we finished our lonesome journey, and just in time, early as it was, to behold the great count about to sally forth. He looked tremendously grand, and more surprised than any one we had hitherto met.

Face to face with him it was not so easy as I thought to ask about the books, or, if need be, utter an accusation.

But after a dreary pause, and just as he made about to go out, I came plump to the question, asking did he remember the small books on alchymy and the black art I had shown to him in Dr. Hunter's library.

"Yes, certainly," he said, and perked his brows



high and put on a great dignity, which was quite unnecessary, as I had made no charge.

"They are missing," I said.

"Indeed!" he replied; "I am sorry. But pray allow me to pass out, as I am already late for a meeting with the Grand Master of Arcanum Lodge, near St. Paul's church-yard."

I all at once felt downhearted over the hopelessness of our undertaking. Then waxing reckless as the count opened the door, I cried,

"O, sir, give me back the books, for father's old and trusty servant, Marcus, is suspected, and this loss may cost him his place. Give me back the books and I will never tell."

"I have not your books, miss, and feel myself insulted to be called in question for a servant's undoubted dishonesty. Such books are naught to me when I possess all the knowledge they contain, and far more."

With that he strode from the room, his blue fox cape flying out as a puff of wind got beneath it; and he was gone before I knew it.

While Martha and I stood stock still, staring at each other as though the bottom had fallen out beneath our feet, madam, his wife, came in by an-



other door with one of the identical books in her hand. We knew it instantly because of its curious silver setting.

I rushed to her with tears in my voice and eyes, beseeching her to let me see the volume, which she was loth to do, but could not, indeed, refuse.

I opened it immediately, and there, underneath our own neat device, was father's name.

I clasped the book to my heart and exclaimed, "Pray, pray, madam, fetch me the other two volumes quickly, for my father is in great perplexity and wrath over their strange disappearance."

She grew highly indignant when I asked for the others, saying that they had them not, and that this one she had taken from the count's cape, where it was caught in a wide fold quite unknown to him.

"Nay," but I insisted, "there were three, and if one got caught the others must have fallen into the same company."

"Keep the one you have," she cried, "and be thankful, and cease these insults, or I shall call for help."

With these words on her lips, she sailed out of the room as her husband had done. My maid and



I were about to follow suit, when Martha's aunt came in, with her finger on her lips, and whispered, "'Sh! I have heard all. The other books are in pawn; for the count, though he seems so prosperous, is in dire straits. I saw the three volumes in his room yesterday, and later in the day the ticket that I have learned to know. It is the shop of the Lion and Tiger."

"Please, aunt, find out the cost, and Mistress Cicely can, I know, redeem them."

But the aunt shook her head, and said, "The books are of great value. The count expects to sell them shortly. He showed them to me, saying they were worth a small fortune. Little did I think, though, that they were the property of Dr. Hunter."

I wrung my hands in my distress, and was tempted to rush to Madame Félicita's apartment and seize the ticket by force.

But at that moment she came back and of her own accord handed me the ticket, and with as haughty a grace as if she were bestowing a gift upon a menial.

"O, thank you, madam," I cried, feeling a real gratitude.

"Let no harm come to us from this," she said,



warningly, "or blight and misfortune of all kinds will attack you and yours. I depend on you never to tell whence you got the books."

If she thought to play on me for a superstitious simpleton she was greatly mistaken; for she and the count might have told my fortune from then till doomsday and I had not believed it.

But I said nothing, and, I suppose, looked humble; for I certainly felt so, although in memory of my weakness and duplicity. However, she seemed satisfied that she had scared us well.

When I was on the street again, though it was nigh six of the clock, and I knew we ran great danger of being missed did we not return shortly, I was resolved to find the pawnbroker's and get the books if I could, for I had taken all the money I had with me. I also determined to make a full and free confession when I reached home.

I asked Martha did she know where the place was, and though she said no she added that she could doubtless find it, as she went much about London alone.

Although we had been in two sorry plights together I did not dream a third could happen, and so gave myself up to her guidance.



Hither and thither we wandered, now east, now west, for each one we asked professed to know where the Lion and Tiger was; but when we reached the places, they were inns, or shops, for we had been ashamed to inquire for so vulgar a thing as a pawnshop.

O, I got so hot and dusty and hungry and faint, and felt I must sit down soon and cry, no matter where, when, all at once, as a church-bell rang out in a clanging voice the hour of twelve, my tearful eyes espied a huge sign bearing a lion rampant and a tiger about to spring.

"'Tis here, 'tis here, Martha!" I cried, with fresh hope.

"God be thanked!" ejaculated my maid, "for I am sheer done out."

We picked up courage and entered the shop, which was indeed the place.

When I presented the ticket and asked might I have the books, the man surlily said "yea, for forty guineas."

"I have but twenty!" I exclaimed, in despair. "The books are mine. They were stolen."

"For forty guineas and no less," repeated the man.



Then nothing but the fact that I was Cicely Hunter, though sore disgraced indeed, kept me from bursting into a flood of tears.

We went out into the garish day, Martha and I, Martha sighing heavily and saying, "It will cost me my place and my good name, Miss Cicely. Whatever shall I do?"

And I, while trying to comfort her, feared that she said what was only too true, at least about the place; but I nothing doubted that father would protect her name, for, though he is ever just, he is merciful.

It was three o'clock when we came out on the beautiful square where my home stands. Never did our house look more stately, or I feel more crestfallen, than when Martha sounded the great brass knocker.

It was Marcus who opened to us, looking most anxious, but not over the books, but concerning my naughty self. He was uttering exclamations of joy, when mother, white as a ghost, flew down the great staircase. She took me in her arms, and could ask no questions for weeping.

I wept too.

Martha, leaning against the wall, hid her counte-



nance, while the tears rolled down Marcus's cheeks. How long we culprits would have remained in this silent state I do not know, had not my mother roused herself, and, leading me by the hand, while bidding Martha follow, and commanding Marcus send word in every direction that we had returned, for father had dispatched criers and messengers all over London, and was abroad himself seeking for me, she conducted me to her own chamber, which was ever to me a most sacred and withal solemn spot.

She sat down on a settle by the chimney-place, where there was a fire burning; for, though I was hot from long exercise, she had grown chill from long fright.

Martha stood at one side, most abject and frightened. Mother glanced at her and, pitying her, said kindly, but still severely, "Sit down, Martha."

Then, without question, and with my head on mother's lap, for I could not look into her eyes, I poured out my story from beginning to end.

At last I stopped, for sheer want of breath, from both talking and weeping.

Martha had cried aloud long before I was through.



Mother stroked my head in silence and at last said,

“Poor, silly Cicely! I would never have thought so superstitious a child could have been born to your father and me.”

“Don’t, don’t, mother!” I cried, in hot shame. “I am silly! But, ’tis enough to know it, without hearing it from you.”

Just then father came in, paler than I had ever seen him. So great was his joy that he held out his arms to me. I rushed into them like a frightened bird, and, with my face hid in his bosom, cried, “Tell him, mother, for I cannot go through such a tale again.”

And mother told him, but with such softenings and extenuations and hints of my fatigue nigh to sickness, and with a last word that I was sufficiently punished, she thought, and that we must all rejoice over Marcus!

I knew father would not chide after such words, for in all my life I never saw him go counter to mother’s pleadings.

So I ventured to look up.

He took my face in his hands and kissed it, and then pressed me to his breast again.



I knew I was forgiven before saying, "Father, please forgive me."

Martha was dismissed with an admonition that, though just, it pained me to hear. I thought, "O what it is to be a daughter when one has done wrong!"

I said, "Dear father, if God forgives as you and mother do, I will love him with all my heart."

Mother said softly:

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Father sent for Marcus. He and I shook hands and the poor fellow said:

"Thank you heartily, Miss Cicely."

He spoke as humbly as though it were he who had done the wrong, and not I.

Father took my twenty guineas, which he said I must lose that I might gain a due sense of values, and, adding to them twenty guineas more, he sent Marcus for the books, which we all had the great pleasure of seeing uninjured and safely in their places again.

I suppose it is right that Martha is to be sent into the country for a time and I am to have a new maid. I shall miss Martha sadly.



## CHAPTER XI.

Father.

FATHER and mother are lovelier and kinder than ever to me. I fancy they think me a trifle younger than they have been wont to regard me; it is rather hard to bear.

Somehow all these changes, slight as many of them are, make me feel as if another Cicely had stepped into my shoes.

Father asks me to sit with him, too, so much these days, and though his voice is most gentle his eye speaks command. Is it because he does not trust me? Oftentimes he watches me; sometimes he feels my pulse. Each time I would fain say, "Father, I am not ill," but I dare not.

Now and then I fear he is ridiculing me.

Sometimes his tones are so tender, as if I were indeed a little child. Then I fancy he feels sorry that I am without brother or sister, and tries to be all relations in one to me.

Whatever his manner means, I love him more



than I ever did in my life, and prize the talks we have alone together vastly.

He asked me yesterday if I would like to study chemistry with him, which he says is the new name for alchymy. When I said "yes" joyfully, and then colored with painful remembrance, he added, with his back to me, but soon thereafter giving me a most loving glance, "This useful science, daughter, is the product of the untiring curiosity of man to penetrate the secrets of nature. It has been of invaluable assistance to medicine. Whatever we study deeply and well reveals law. God always works by law, except in the rarest cases; even then, I may say, he works by law, as he is himself the creator of law. God's laws, my daughter, are so revealing that we can accomplish far more through them than if we were masters of all the signs and magic of sorcerers and witches."

While he was talking thus, Marcus came to announce the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, who followed close behind, immediately appearing at the door of father's private room, where we were sitting.

He smiled on seeing me. When I rose to withdraw he said, "Nay, with Dr. Hunter's permission, for I have naught to say that you may not hear."



So I took my seat again at a nod from father, while noting Mr. Wesley's spirituality.

His narrow, plaited stock, his coat, with its small, upright collar, his knee-breeches without buckles, and his snowy head made me think of the apostles; why, I know not, for most of them were poor fishermen and this man has such elegance and breeding that one would think he had spent all his life at court.

Father asked him to draw near the fire. He refused, though he is above eighty. He has an air of perfect health, though also of extreme fragility. He must indeed be a giant in either strength or endurance, for he remarked, as if he told nothing unusual, that he was now busy writing a life of his dear friend, Fletcher, on which he could spend no more than fifteen hours a day, lest he should hurt his eyes.

Father smiled, and asked Mr. Wesley to what he attributed such power for labor; to which he replied, with sprightliness:

“Ever since that good fever which I had in North Ireland I have had, as it were, a new constitution; all my pains and aches have forsaken me and I have been a stranger to weariness of any



kind till quite recently. But now a strange fatigue besets me."

Father looked thoughtful, and, as I glanced at his face, I noted its extreme paleness in contrast with Mr. Wesley's fresh complexion. Father's brow, though he is but fifty-five, is deeply lined; Mr. Wesley's is clear and smooth. Father's eye, though brilliant when he is excited, is often dull and anxious, as if he were suffering from secret pain; Mr. Wesley's is ever the brightest and most piercing. Father is a great man, the greatest in the world to me, and yet I wonder why he, a physician, looks more ill than this "physician of souls," as I heard Mr. Wesley call himself. Is it because the preacher has such constant travel and change of air? Is it because God has given him special health for a special purpose? Is his one of the rare cases in which, as father expressed it when he was talking to me about law, God has made an exception, in order to further his own plans? It is indeed current talk that never did any man, no, not St. Paul himself, have so high a degree of power over so large a body of men as is possessed by this man.

Mr. Wesley, after some further talk, said he had



come to consult father concerning his Medical Dispensary, which has already become notable in London and much opposed by physicians in general.

Some do not hesitate to brand Mr. Wesley as a quack. Father says this is wrong. Though 'tis much to be regretted that he does not regularly enter the profession of medicine and remove the odium, since for six or seven and twenty years he has made anatomy and physic the diversion of his leisure hours.

But the great preacher thinks otherwise, and, with medicine as with churches, wants as few limitations upon himself as possible.

Father must be greatly under his influence or a firm believer in him, for he only smiled at Mr. Wesley's arguments in favor of such independent proceedings and gave the help requested, which was an introduction to some reliable apothecary.

Mr. Wesley wants the apothecary to take charge of his store of drugs. He has already engaged an experienced surgeon. He himself has prescribed for six or seven hundred poor and has cured many, furnishing the medicines from his private purse.

He has become a rich man, father says, because of the great circulation of the books and tracts he



has writ ; but out of his wealth he gives himself but a servant's wages, taking only thirty pounds a year and an occasional suit of clothes.

All the rest, above his traveling expenses, he gives away—some to his relatives, some to his preachers, some to build school and preaching houses, and much daily to the poor and unfortunate who come nigh him in his ministrations.

As this wonderfully active old gentleman rose to go, however, father spoke of his trembling step and hand, and said :

“ Sir, permit me to prescribe a tonic for you.”

Mr. Wesley replied, “ ’Tis true that I feel worn, but God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body.”

“ Nevertheless,” replied father, and he spoke most firmly, “ the only way that God will cure illness for *you* as well as for *your* patients, is by human methods when those methods are obtainable.”

Mr. Wesley looked at him a full minute out of his bright eyes and finally said :

“ There is a greater Physician than you.”

Father bowed and answered quickly, “ It is He who called me to the vocation of medicine.”

Mr. Wesley did not take the prescription.



When he had gone father sat down beside me and remained thoughtfully silent for some time. Finally he said:

“Cicely, he is a great man. I know none as great. But he has two weaknesses. He thinks God will interrupt natural law, however unnecessary, *for him*, and he does not understand women.”

I thought two such traits sounded oddly, spoken of together, but said nothing, so pleased was I with his confidence.

Father, as if half repenting that he had expressed himself so freely, added,

“’Tis well he has two such spots on his otherwise flawless good sense, or I should think he did not belong to this world. Could you but trust yourself as much to his prayers as you did to that Sicilian impostor, Cagliostro, who, by the way, is driven out of London, I should be happy.”

At the very mention of Count Cagliostro’s name I felt wretched, and father seeing it stroked my hair, saying: “There, there! We will never mention him again. He has deceived wise men, nobles, and kings, all over Europe; why should he not have stolen your good sense?”

“You are so much like me, though, daughter, and



such fancies even in my youth were so foreign to me, that I feared for a time you were ill. 'Twas a girl's vagary that would never have entered your head had I remembered a year ago that your mind had grown with your body, and must have food accordingly. Henceforth you shall find me a companion."

His words filled me with delight, for I knew that he felt no longer a lurking displeasure or distrust.

I threw my arms around his neck and, hiding my face against his cheek, said :

"Dear father, I am happy once more."

But, somehow, after I had left him the memory of his paleness haunted me, and I asked myself boldly for the first time—a great fear clamoring at my heart,

"Can *my* father die?"



## CHAPTER XII.

## Waylaid by Highwaymen.

I HAVE now to write an account of the most consequential day I have ever spent. When I think of the direful results that might have followed, I am filled with thankfulness. Mother says that it is as if father and I had been restored from the dead to her.

Father was summoned in great haste to Windsor, and, as he has seemed of late to dread to travel alone in his chaise, mother proposed my going with him, as she had severe headache.

To my surprise and delight, he assented.

As we set out at an early hour o' the morning, and unexpectedly, we had a simple but hot breakfast of eggs and chops. Father ate a rasher, also; but I was too elated to satisfy more than a meager appetite.

We reached the castle duly.

Father had his audience, while I remained in charge of one of the court ladies, to my pleasure



and profit—and to hers, too, I ween—for she admitted it to be a sorry and monotonous task to dance attendance on royal needs and whims, and sorely bewailed the fate of a woman high in rank and poor in purse.

I said little, for I knew little on such a theme; but as we walked up and down the terrace, and I looked at the ancient turrets and the vast walls of Windsor, and down the glades, through which I saw the deer, and at the Thames, so crystal and still, I thought were I as old as this lady—for she must be aged near to mother, and must have all questions of life settled—I should certainly like no better place in which to spend my last days than Windsor.

When I ventured to say something to this purpose she shook her head sadly, and said:

“Ah, child, the misfortune of life is that the heart does not grow old like the body.”

If this be true, and my heart be as eager as it is now when I am old, please God my life may be always filled with change and signal events.

Well, it was at early candle-light when we started back to London, father and I inside our comfortable, well-padded chaise, Marcus on horseback, galloping behind, and two stout men on the box.



A bright yellow moon, like a sickle, hung in the blue sky. The roads were heavy with the spring rains. A bank of ominous cloud shadowed the west. The air was full of woody smells. The nightingale from time to time uttered its pathetic, heart-stricken note.

I cuddled up to father's side and, placing my hand in his, gave myself up to the novelty of the journey and the sense of mystery with which I had always invested night travel.

I bethought me of the tales at present current about highwaymen, but, with father beside me, knew no fear.

We had gone half our journey, having already made one change of horses, and had gotten well under way with a fresh relay, when suddenly, as we were well in the gloom of a stretch of forest, a stalwart man, whom the carriage-lamps momentarily revealed, sprang out of a copse between the chaise and the wood and cried,

“Stop!”

The coachman, true to previous orders, spurred the horses, and though our vehicle was not one of the more modern ones with springs, it stood the sudden jolting well.



A cumbersome chaise, though, was no match for a squad of men armed to the teeth. Presently the horses made a violent lurch and we knew that they had been seized by the bits.

Marcus shot once or twice, but to no purpose, because, except for the light raying from the carriage-lamps, the gloom had become Egyptian.

Father then put down the glass, and immediately a masked face was thrust at the opening, its owner demanding, "Your purses and watches!"

"By whose right do you require them?" asked father, haughtily, hoping to gain time; for he expected that Marcus and the two men would make themselves felt the next minute.

He got for answer, "The right of might."

As these words were spoken the wind flared the light suddenly, and we saw in that flash a dozen masked men grouped about our chaise.

Father without further ado delivered up his purse and watch. My own pretty French chatelaine fell a victim, too, to their rapacity.

They unfastened our horses also, and, saddling them speedily, as well as unseating poor Marcus and taking his roan as well, they quickly mounted three of their men. Bidding us good-night as if



they had been gentlemen of blood, they splashed off down the muddy road.

And there we were, alone in the forest !

"We are five miles from an inn or place of shelter," said father, his eyes fixed on me in deep perplexity. "I have been in worse plights, for the men and I can walk twenty miles if needs be, Cicely. But what am I to do with you?"

"Do nothing," I said, "but let me follow on. Trust me also for a five-miles walk."

So we set out, the men lighting flambeaux which had been put in the carriage as a precaution on leaving home. We abandoned our poor vehicle and pushed forward into the sullen gloom of the woods. At first every sound made me start with trembling fear. Soon the highway became so full of deep ruts and pools of thick, muddy water that our shoes were speedily soaked. When I lifted my feet they were as heavy as if cannon-balls had been chained to them.

We tried to continue our way under the trees, but the brush and briers soon put an end to that experiment, and we were glad to return to the miry road, though fuller than ever, it seemed to me, of dangerous quagmires.



All at once father stopped, his hand on his side, and said :

“ I can go no further.”

Marcus administered a cordial. Father stood panting as if he would never get his breath again. Great drops of sweat stood out on his face, though the air was so cool.

Had he been a smaller man two of the servants might have formed a chair with their hands, but he is such a giant even among big men that there was no other resource for him but to remain where he was or make a mighty effort to go on.

I thought of what Mr. Wesley had said about God as a physician. I cried out in my heart, “ O thou great Physician, help father in this extremity ! ”

We waited silently a few minutes longer. A faint comforting hope nestled in my breast that perhaps God would give us special help for this special need.

O, it was a solemn hour. The night-jars called mournfully back and forth. The nightingales sent out the saddest, unearthliest notes. A sullen pall of heavy clouds mantled the sky. The rising wind and growing dampness betokened an oncoming storm.



All at once father said, stoutly, "I feel better now; let us press forward before the storm strikes us."

On we went.

I kept close at his side and presently whispered, "Father, I have been praying to God, because Mr. Wesley called him the great Physician. I think we shall reach a refuge."

"No doubt of it, Cicely," said father. "Keep on praying."

I did.

It was nigh midnight when we came out of the wood and also on a firmer stretch of road. But though our footing was more solid, and we had met no more highwaymen, the rain was falling steadily, and the gusty wind drove it through our garments so that we were drenched to the skin.

But father did not falter again, and, now that the road was more even, he took my hand and, pressing it tenderly, said,

"You are a brave and acceptable traveling companion. I warrant, Cicely, if there were need, there is the making of a soldier's wife in you."

I felt my face grow hot, though it was dark and the air so cool; for before my fancy, as if he were a



painting by Sir Joshua, rose the stalwart form of James Keble, with such a coaxing light in his eye, and such a persuading smile about his mouth, that the very night was enchanted with his presence.

However, I said right soberly,

“Yes, if need be, I think I could; but I believe myself best cut out for a man of peace—one who loves his estate, his dogs, his fireside, and his church.” Such things does Lord Carew fancy.

Father laughed a bit, squeezed my hand again, and saying, “All in the good Lord’s time,” we trudged on in silence. All at once a light glimmered on our view. We each exclaimed joyfully as we saw that one little star of hope in the midst of the dark and rainy night. Soon another and another peeped out. Presently Marcus cried, joyfully, “’Tis the inn of the Red Dragon.”

A half hour later we had reached the inn. By good luck the keeper and his wife were still up.

There was a great ado among the sleepy servants to supply us with suitable shelter and raiment. The inn-keeper’s good wife speedily stripped me of my wet garments and gave me some of her own, which were big enough for me to take a long journey in and then not come to any boundary lines.



As soon as I was clad I went into father's chamber, for his room adjoined mine, to see how he felt.

He was already in bed, but feverish, and with a heavy, labored breathing that betokened no good.

"Madam," said I to our landlady, after the space of an hour, "my father has been long ailing, and I fear a heavy illness. Bid your good man have a chaise-and-four ready at break of day with suitable escort, so that we may get back to London with all haste."

Having seen the men, moreover, and bade them get what sleep they could, I was about to repair to father's side again with the intent to watch alone, when Marcus waylaid me and begged, with tears in his eyes, to keep vigil with me, to which I finally consented, and with a little secret relief.

The new care, which the howling wind and dashing rain further intensified, sat heavily on me.

There was a huge log fire burning in the fire-place in father's room. Anon a shower of sparks would fly up the vast throat of the chimney, like a company of departing spirits. I have ever leaned to the superstition that our souls are imprisoned light. Then a hollow blast would blow down upon the fire, pressing the flames to either side in flat and



crouching shapes, and I would fancy them terrified human beings prostrating themselves before the power of some invisible spirit.

So the night wore away, father sleeping heavily and from time to time moaning as if his dreams were troubled.

Marcus rested his arm on the foot of the bed and laid his head thereon; but often he snored so badly that I was obliged to awaken him, to his great shame and confusion.

I kept the fire well ablaze, as it served to both feed my fancy and keep the room warm.

But once I fell asleep and I dreamed that Mr. Keble and I were tossing alone in a small boat far out to sea. Above us was a fair blue sky, around us was a wondrous company of birds singing, and in their midst Charles Wesley chanting one of his father's hymns and playing a most winsome melody on his Stradivarius.

When I came out of this dream the daylight was already grayly creeping in through a small diamond-paned and heavily-leaded window, which I opened for a few minutes to get a whiff of the cold morning air. But I speedily closed it, fearing draughts for father.



Wakening Marcus, I sallied forth to ask for my own clothes, which were immediately brought to my chamber, sorrie-looking indeed, but still wearable. My shoes hurt my feet sorely as I tried to put them on.

When I went back to father he was awake, and anxious to get up. Then I told him about the chaise, and the preparations for his journey. He drew me down and kissed me, and said I was a most acceptable daughter.

We got him up and dressed, though I thought he would faint. Just as the sun was peeping gloriously over the horizon, and lighting up the storm-clouds fleeing toward the east, we started for London, and reached home without further mishap.

It was pathetic to see mother's joy and grief; joy that we were back safely—for she, mindful of the frequent assaults upon travelers even within the city limits—had feared the most horrible fate for us after the time had passed for our return, and grief that father was so faint and ill that he had to be supported to his chamber.

There he now lies, very ill still, though mending slowly, but likely never to be very strong, as his heart is much affected.



He has promised mother, if he gets well, that he will drop some of his ambitions and be more a man of leisure. Mr. Wesley has been much with him of late, often praying with him and in many ways deepening his religious impressions.

It would not surprise me did he consent to let me go to some of the morning and other Methodist meetings, for which privilege I have hitherto pleaded in vain. One very amusing thing has happened. While Mr. Wesley has given father many new thoughts on religion, father has at length persuaded the great preacher to undergo a course of medical treatment.

Mother and I quite often have Mr. Wesley at meals with us, and at table he is most entertaining. He certainly knows how to make himself agreeable to all manner of minds and persons. The abstraction of scholarship is not apparent in any thing he says or does, and he tells so many quaint and instructive stories that his conversation is never tedious. Mother says that it is ever so with the greatly learned who have at the same time the breeding and associations of gentlemen.

Mr. Wesley is a most elegant scholar in Greek, and learned, too, in other languages; and as he has



traveled more than one hundred thousand miles, having seen also many persons of all classes and conditions, it does seem as if there were no subject on which he cannot speak entertainingly.

Dear mother, from being full of prejudices against the Methodists, and holding the opinion that these new reforms in religion in England are only for the very simple and ignorant, is becoming deeply persuaded that there are foul corruptions in our glorious and venerable Church that must be blotted out if we would not suffer the fate of the Roman Church.

It would not one whit surprise me to find our whole little family testing the sacredness and efficacy of what Mr. Wesley calls the "new birth" and the "new freedom." He in no way countenances separation from the Church, but only greater godliness and simplicity in the Church.

I must write no more to-day, as I have to instruct my new maid in her duties.



### CHAPTER XIII.

#### I Nearly Receive a Proposal of Marriage.

**N**ANCY, my new maid, is indeed an odd piece. She is both humble and obstinate—two traits that go oft together. She is as pretty and thrifty-looking withal as our English flowers, with soft, black eyes, and a firm little mouth as shut up as an oyster. She is quite different from Martha, who was so full of words that her ideas were forever being presented both in and out of season. Nevertheless I miss Martha.

I had but just completed showing Nancy my belongings, telling her my habits and my expectations, to which she responded never a word but “Yes, miss,” so oft as I looked at her, when Marcus knocked at my door to announce that Mr. Charles Wesley, junior, was in the west parlor, and had asked the honor of seeing me.

There has been something of late in this young man’s look and manner rather warmer than should be, provided naught came of it; but as it is for



men to speak their minds on tender themes and for women to hear what they have to say, there was nothing for me to do but surmise, and meantime act with the courtesy which I truly feel in my heart toward this excellent young gentleman.

I found him, as Marcus said, in the west parlor, which is a gay room indeed, being much decorated in stucco of white and gold, with hangings and all to match, wondrously dainty and delicate! I am not surprised that even wealthy Florentines have adopted this chaste yet rich method of ornamenting rooms.

I took Mr. Wesley's hand, which is long, with tapering fingers, such as can well manage any instrument, I should judge.

Knowing that he had been at Windsor when I last heard of him, I asked quickly, before he could insinuate aught less matter-of-fact, "How long have you been come back?"

"Since yesternight," he replied, but as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

"And how does the Princess Charlotte come on in her music?" I continued, with an immense show of interest in the royal family, although it was merely, as you can fancy, for the sake of keeping



this young musical preceptor on cold-blooded themes.

“Excellently,” he answered. “She has fair talent. Like the other daughters of his majesty I fear she reflects far more honor on her illustrious parents than the sons are ever like to do. The crown-prince makes a fair show of interest in music, and often tells me that if he ever become king he will make me court organist.”

At this moment my guest’s clear, sweet eyes fell upon a spinet, also in white and gold, that father had had made for this room, and for the first time forgetting me, he sprang toward it, opened it, and was for trying its quality, when he seemed to bethink him, for he turned half toward me and said,

“My Uncle John thinks poorly of my profession.”

“Why?” I asked, in unfeigned surprise.

“Because,” he continued, with a trifle of embarrassed hesitation, “I cannot avoid being very frequently among elegant men and women that are godless.”

“And could you wish to avoid me?” I quickly and inadvertently asked. “’Tis true I am not over-pious, but neither am I elegant.”



"That I cannot admit," he gallantly replied. "The query with Uncle John would be, 'Are you *worldly* and elegant?' I fear, however, that he thinks worldliness and elegance seldom separated."

"Nay, but," I retorted, "the Reverend Mr. John Wesley must then be the most worldly of ministers, since he is the most truly elegant man in bearing and breeding that I have ever set eyes on. And mother holds to the same opinion of him."

Mr. Charles laughed as if greatly relieved, but went on with the air of one who has a confession to make.

I began to feel conscious, in spite of my secret commands to my color to keep in the background.

"Dr. Coke," he continued, "was at first much scandalized with the concerts that take place in our house, as being highly dishonorable to God, and he held father a criminal because of his situation in the Church of Christ."

"And what answered your father?" I asked, now so deeply interested that all other subjects fled from my thought.

"In a letter writ to Uncle John, which he showed me, he said, 'I am clear, without doubt, that my son's conceit is after the will and order of Provi-



dence.' Dr. Coke changed his opinion when father proved to him that the profession of music has established Samuel and myself in a safe and honorable way, and that he had never made a show or advantage of his sons."

"That he has not," I cried warmly; "for I have often heard it said that were you more ambitious, and less stamped, as a family, with a high unworldliness, you and your brother could pile up a fortune with your talents."

His eye kindled, and his calm countenance was, for a minute, filled with honorable pride, as he said,

"We are in the third generation, Samuel and I, of a family that in the two generations before ours has shown so much vigor of intellect that our skill seems a matter of course. And as for riches, my grandfather and father both were ever so opposed to them as desirable that I have been bred, as it were, out of a conceit of them."

Mr. Wesley's principles struck me with unfeigned astonishment, and secret mortification, too; for it was with pride in our display of wealth that I had heard Marcus say that he had showed him into this new parlor, which in point of splendor and costliness I do not believe can be surpassed in London.



Had I heard any other young man of my acquaintance thus express himself I would have set his remarks down to envy and conceit; but one has only to look at Mr. Wesley's face to see that he means what he says.

He soon began to strike random chords on the spinet, calling forth such dulcet sounds that a little bird from the Canary Islands, which has been hung in this gold-room, as we call it, began to warble and trill and anon blend such tremulous long-drawn notes with those of the instrument that I was fairly entranced.

Then he played some of the melodies of Handel, of whom he is a great lover, and all at once began to sing words of wondrous sweetness and fire, that I had never heard, but which filled me with a strange, new thought of God, uplifting and tender at once. Here are a few lines of this soul-stirring hymn:

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!



“ Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing !

“ Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin :  
Let the healing streams abound :  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee :  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.”

As those last words rang upon the air in Mr. Wesley's sonorous, melting tones, my eyes were brimming with tears, and my soul cried out to the mysterious God who has ever seemed to abide in Westminster and St. Paul, but never in so changeable and small a place as my heart—“ Spring thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.”

“ Who writ that beautiful, majestic hymn, Mr. Wesley ? ” I cried, and the tears all at once rolled over, spite of my efforts to the contrary.

“ Father writ it,” he said. “ It is indeed beau-



tiful, and already an inspiration to many. I wot not but that, in time, father's hymns will help the world as much as Uncle John's preaching. But, lest you should form a wrong notion of my uncle from what I have told you of his opinion concerning my profession, I am minded to give you a letter to read which will afford you a true idea of his goodness and that his strictness is not narrowness."

I have been able to copy the epistle for you, Aunt Dulcia, as Mr. Wesley bade me read it at my leisure and return it another day. I surmise he wants the ideas it contains, some of which are certainly novel, to sink deeper into my memory than they could if I had merely glanced the letter over in his presence. But here it is, and you can judge it for yourself:

"MY DEAR CHARLES: There is a debt of love which I should have paid before now; but I must not delay it any longer. I have long observed you with a curious eye; not as a musician, but as an immortal spirit that is come forth from God the Father of spirits and is returning to him in a few moments. But have you well considered this? Methinks, if you had, it would be ever uppermost in your thoughts. For what trifles, in comparison



of this, are all the shining baubles in the world! God has favored you with many advantages. You have health, strength, and a thousand outward blessings. And why should you not have all inward blessings, which God hath purchased for those who love him? You are good-humored, mild, and harmless; but, unless you are born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God! You are now, as it were, on the crisis of your fate; just launching into life, and ready to fix your choice, whether you will have God or the world for your happiness. You cannot avoid being very frequently among elegant men and women, that are without God in the world; but, as your *business*, rather than your *choice*, calls you into the fire, I trust that you will not be burnt; seeing he whom you desire to serve is able to deliver you, even out of the burning, fiery furnace. I am, dear Charles, your very affectionate uncle,

JOHN WESLEY."

Well, I tucked the letter in my pocket, just as Mr. Wesley took from his a small gold snuff-box, with a miniature of Queen Charlotte set in the lid and surrounded by diamonds.

He bade me examine it, and to help myself, too, if I liked.

To this last invitation I shook my head and, I



fear, showed a little disgust, notwithstanding I was mindful that our queen is such a lover of snuff.

“The queen herself gave it to me,” he said, and he again urged upon me to take a pinch, which I did—to the great irritation of my nose, but thinking that it would help him to indulge the pleasure in my presence if he so wished, although to my notion 'tis a mighty queer pleasure, yea, and weakness, too.

After punishing myself to be polite, my chagrin was great to find him exempt from the fashion of snuff-taking, but surprised that I, so fashionable a young woman, did not have all the tricks and megrims of the court!

“Nay,” I said; “for, though I am a loyal subject, I am no shadow, even, of a queen, and a foreign-born one at that. Besides, snuff-taking, to my mind, is a filthy habit which royal gifts could not make me forget.”

“Gifts are of many kinds,” he replied, good-naturedly, “and but seldom as well-fitted to the receiver as the bestower. However, I prize this box as a present from her majesty, and the contents, too, have a value, because they were mixed by Mistress Frances Burney, the famous novelist, one



of whose chief duties at court is to keep Queen Charlotte always supplied with snuff."

I thought of the poor, discontented baroness who had entertained me when I was at Windsor, and ceased to wonder at her repining, if attendance on the queen meant such menial servitude as well as monotony.

"Mr. Wesley," I said, "riches are good for women of rank, if they are saved thereby from such drudgery. I should fancy it was a living death for Miss Burney, with her talent and multitude of friends, to be buried at Windsor."

"Yea, I believe it is. It is only the good doctor's improper ambition and Miss Burney's filial obedience that have taken her to court. To Dr. Burney 'tis a greater glory for his daughter to be maid to her majesty than to have writ the most famous novel of the day and to have been boon companion with the brightest wits and scholars. For 'tis certain Miss Burney could have all she wished of the society of such celebrities as Edmund Burke, Edward Gibbon, and the great Johnson himself."

"Poor, caged bird!" I exclaimed, glancing at the canary chirping plaintively for attention, and re-



membering the lively tone of Mistress Burney's greenish-gray eye—a color father thinks more often indicative of talent than any other.

I never felt more kindly to any man in my life than I do toward young Mr. Wesley. When I consider how much sought after he is, and how modest withal, it is enough to cure me of the airs I see well enough that I have, but which, like weeds, spring up with the very slightest fostering of my vanity.

But, as good company as Mr. Wesley was, my pleasure in his society languished; he stayed and stayed, as if he had somewhat to say—all of which I knew well, and accordingly extinguished his courage as often as it flamed up. He finally quite wore out his welcome and my ingenuity. I would fain have had him go before the fire that burned under his quiet face should break forth uncontrollably. It was better for me to have it kept suppressed if I was further to enjoy his companionship, and withal better for him, for I cannot dispossess myself of the thought that he is one of the few born to wed his profession. I, with my hot temper and heart so clamorous for attention, would make a hateful wife for such a man. Methinks, however, it would be



very fine to keep one's self forever on a pedestal of calmness, stirred only by music or church-going; but such exaltation does not belong to me any more than the deep passion of love does to Charles Wesley.

If only James Keble had dropped in upon us!

He ought to be coming to see me once more before his ship sails. I am ashamed to say that every dress I don and every ribbon I wear has him in view, while all the time my ambition points to my Lord Carew—as if he were a sign forever dangling in the air before my eyes.

Mr. Wesley at last rose, and he would really go. Just then an uproar in the street, made by the passing of the king's guard, drew him to a bay-window, deep set, and nearly shut off from the room by heavy tapestry in gold and white. I followed him thither unwittingly, and lo! in a minute the crowd had surged past, and there we were! shut into a bower of seclusion and snugness that gave the young man a sudden boldness and ardor that I could not resist.

He seized my hand, which grew cold with pity for him and vexation at my own imprudence, and would, I am sure, have at once made a declaration



of love had not the great door into the hall opened with a creak which gave me the chance to thrust my head from the curtains and see Marcus's round old face.

"Do you want me, Marcus?" I asked quickly, going out and leaving poor Mr. Wesley alone with his sentiment.

"Yes, Mistress Cicely. Dr. Hunter commanded me to bid you come read to him."

"Immediately!" I said; and Marcus, good old soul! looking neither to the right nor to the left, bobbed his gray head and withdrew.

Mr. Wesley, very pale and sober, but withal most manly, parted the curtains and, coming forward, begged my pardon for remaining so long.\* Bowing in stately style, but kindly, he bade me good-morning, and left.

He has such a delicate soul that he understands, I am sure, and will never give either himself or me pain by aught more explicit.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## The Handel Commemoration.

HERE it is the month of May! The weather is as merrie as my heart. All the troubles that have been a-lurking round my path so long seem to have been dissipated.

I have no enemy in this fair world—unless it be those wicked sorcerers. I have many friends. Father trusts me as of yore, and is better in health than he has been for many weeks.

James Keble has sailed away and left me glad and sorrie both, but chiefly glad; for he is gone with no breach made between us, and loving me so well that I know a few weeks or months of absence cannot cool his ardor. Perchance, meantime, I can settle his fate with my heart and consider also Lord Carew, who has been coming to our house much of late, and with a purpose none can misconstrue.

It pleases me well that mother is so vigilant and strict with my lord, keeping him ever at a most proper distance by her manner and address, and



thereby also much piquing his curiosity ; her attitude is such, though friendly and gracious enough, that if Lord Carew were King George himself he would have to wonder a bit whether he might have what he sought for the asking.

It was not thus with Charles Wesley. Mother never feared to have me alone with him to the very uttermost that custom permits. She knows that my regard for him is wholly sisterly, and that I have no manner of temptation to treat with either levity or carelessness this scholarly genius. Music, and music alone, is the bond between us, so far as I am concerned ; though, whenever I think of him, I cannot but reflect with sadness on his blighted hopes. But I am like Dr. Johnson, in one respect, at least ; and that is that I prefer, for pure enjoyment, the society of a thorough man of the world to the company of a scholar. I think, did I marry a great scholar, I should fare precisely as did Mistress Mary Powell after she was wed to John Milton. Scholarship in the family is like whipped cream at a dinner. One wants but little, and that of the finest quality.

I could wish that if father is to be knighted it could happen now, for if Lord Carew does ask for my hand, as I am sure he will, though his delay at



times awakes my scorn and pride, it would give me the greatest gladness to know that our social disparity is not so great after all. It matters not, as custom is, that we have been of the English gentry for twelve generations, and that the Carews are of the nobility made under the degenerate Stuarts; for father is but William Hunter, Esquire, and would be shut out from much to which this young scion of the House of Carew would receive the warmest welcome, were it not for his great talent and his high favor at court.

Well, well! this ambition that ever and anon surges in my heart is father's, for mother has such a noble pride and satisfaction in the upright gentlemen and gentlewomen who have preceded her that her wish never goes beyond a full emulation of their virtues and station. Dear mother! She must have been born with her soul at peace, for never, never, have I seen her ruffled on her own account. She loves far better the satisfactions of the Church and home than of society, although I must confess she has manifested some excitement over the Handel Commemoration, to be celebrated at Westminster two days hence, and has been most eager to have father secure sightly places for our seats. And she



has had made for herself a new gown of Antwerp satin, much trimmed with lace; and only yesterday evening father gave her at dinner, after the butler had withdrawn, a new and valuable brooch that he playfully told her she was to wear with the new dress. This brooch is an oval miniature of father himself, set in diamonds of the purest water. Nothing could, indeed, be handsomer. To-day a gown came home for me, which was an immense surprise. When I questioned why I was not fitted for it, as usual, (although had I gone to Wetherby's a dozen times it could not become me more in color or fit, for I look as if molded into it or the dress upon me, or rather as if we were one, as soul and body are one) mother only smiled, and asked was I not glad to be saved the bother of so many visits to the modiste? I assented a bit ruefully, for, in my secret heart, nothing pleases me better than now and then at the opening of the season to spend a morning with the mantua-maker, looking over the latest devices from Paris. My robe is beautiful. It is just like a cataract of lace, set off here and there by a bunch of bright jonquil ribbons. I wish they were pink, but jonquil and green are the fashionable colors, and fortunately I look well in all shades of yellow.



Since writing the above the secret is out.

The Handel Commemoration is past; our new dresses are tied up in linen bags and hung in the cedar closet, and father is Sir William Hunter!

At first I felt mightily chagrined to have such a secret kept from me; but when father told me that he had withheld it only to save me from disappointment, should aught occur at the last minute to alter the king's intention to knight him on the occasion of the musical celebration, I allowed myself to be pacified; and especially when I remembered that I never could have been so calm as mother, or have enjoyed the music one whit, with so much that was personal to anticipate.

I suppose you will read an account of it in the London papers, which father has forwarded to you, long before my story reaches you. But the public rehearsal is never like the private one; so prepare for as much detail as were I the illustrious Pepys and my theme the Coronation of Charles II.

We went to Westminster in all the state our equipages, livery, and horses would permit, and of the many fine carriages drawn up before the Abbey I think there was none to outshine ours.

It was an august spectacle to behold the tiers



upon tiers of scaffolding reaching far up along the nave and transept, the vast pillars standing out gray and venerable, the sculptured dead below as serene as if the usual solemn stillness reigned—the statues of warriors, statesmen, and nobles soaring in magnificent whiteness and dignity; the scaffolding coverings of blue and scarlet swaying like flags from remote heights and distances, as a draught swept through the immense interior.

Words cannot picture the splendor of the choir, flaming with velvet, tapestry, and what not of gorgeous texture and color; or of the platform facing the choir, filled with countless rows of seats for the mighty orchestra and chorus of five hundred and twenty-five performers; or of the triumphant strains of music swelling from instruments and voices when the royal family swept up the nave, ascended into the choir, and stood for a few minutes facing the sea of faces that looked down upon them so magnificently costumed that it seemed as if all the jewels of the world must have been searched for the brightest and the best.

You should have seen how admirably placed mother and I were, in stalls beside those of the nobility, so that we were to all intents and purposes



a part of them, and where we could behold every movement King George made, and where we were in full sight, and hearing as well, of the musicians.

Father left us to go elsewhere, as he said. I remember I noticed how proud and pale he looked, a kind of veiled triumph in his eye, as he bade us remain where we were till he came for us. His last gaze lingered on mother, who made me think of a tall arum lily, she was so white and majestic.

Father's breast glistened with the various medals and honors that had been conferred on him by medical societies of both France and England. He wore, also, a star presented to him by the Emperor of Austria, for the staunch support he had given Lady Mary Wortley Montague, when nearly all London turned against her because she had introduced vaccination into England. He was, indeed, a noble, manly-appearing Englishman, as he went down the transept, and disappeared into one of the chapels at the right of the choir.

Finally the whole great interior grew still, and then began the performance of Handel's *Messiah*, an oratorio for grandeur and pathos unparalleled by any thing I have ever heard, and rendered with magnificence and solemnity befitting the presence



of their majesties and the memory of the composer. I held my breath with awe and delight over the exquisite instrumentation of the pastoral symphony, and then, when a voice of thrilling power lingered on the words, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," I felt far away in the country, separated from kings, nobles, and the people, and alone, as if on a wide meadow—alone with God.

But when, after a second magnificent burst of sound, a contralto voice of wondrous scope and feeling chanted, "He was despised and rejected of men," it was as if a black cloud had obscured my peaceful meadow, and upon it, tossed by bitter winds and searching rains, was the Shepherd of mankind. All at once I covered up my face and wept. I sat listening, finally, subdued and tearful, till a voice finer than any I had yet heard, and as triumphant and pure as that of an angel, sang with melting sweetness, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

O, how small seemed my paltry ambitions! how overhanging and heavy the Abbey arches! how fading the splendor of kings and queens! how visionary aught but the things of eternity!

I looked up. There, through a vista made by a



hundred heads, I saw the holy face of the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, radiant with devotion and ecstasy, and beside him the hymnist, his brother, with a rapt expression as if he were already transported to heaven, and behind them the organist and composer, Charles Wesley, junior, whose gentle, placid countenance, under the influence of his favorite, Handel, had taken on a dignity and gravity that made him in his slenderness and fairness look like pictures I have seen of John Milton.

Never before had my heart and my ears been more satisfied than in those few minutes when the last strains of the Alleluia chorus were being rendered. I felt so full—as if I could not contain another hour of such soul-stirring music. A sudden desire seized me to reach home and in the quiet of my room meditate on the themes and variations that, together with the presence of so many delighted thousands, had wrought me to a pitch of ecstatic enjoyment well-nigh unbearable.

All at once I became conscious of an august stillness. At that moment dear mother gently laid her hand on mine. I looked up. I saw father and one other whom I did not know ascend into the choir. Father knelt before the king. A sudden



ringing stopped my ears. I saw the king touch father's head. All at once, as my beloved parent rose, I heard the words, "Sir William Hunter!"

I looked at mother. A bright red spot glowed on either cheek and her eyes shone. Otherwise she was as calm as usual.

I could have clapped my hands, or shouted, or run hither and thither; but, while my head became all at once as clear as a bell, my feet changed to lead and ice.

Presently a great hum of voices arose. The royal party began slowly to descend into the great central aisle of the nave. I saw the long trains of the queen and princesses flash across the bit of open space before me. I realized the motionless dignity of the lords and ladies at my left.

Then, all at once, there was great confusion, every body going in this direction and that.

Mother and I stood still, waiting for father, mother receiving, with the sweetest composure and affability, the congratulations of friends as they streamed past us.

We were not far from the east entrance. As the crowds began to grow thinner I saw through the open doors a bit of green park, and the carriages



departing one after another. Then I awoke to a full, proud sense of what had happened.

Father came not long after. He said nothing, but kissed us both. Then we too went out.

The day was a wonderful one. No pall of fog and smoke hung over the city. The sunlight touched the spires of the Parliament House. It flickered on the grass around the Lady Margaret Chapel. A soft breeze blew, and the air near the Abbey was fragrant with the perfume of flowers.

We entered our open carriage, which was drawn by four horses. Four of our men on dappled iron grays closed in behind us, and away we sped—Sir William and Lady Hunter and their daughter Cicely!

We had no sooner reached home and settled ourselves in mother's room, my parents doing their best to satisfy my devouring curiosity about the honor recently conferred, when Marcus came to announce Mr. Wesley.

Father at once went to meet him, but soon returned to tell mother that our reverend friend had come to say that he desired to place himself under father's hands again.

Father prefers to have a man on whose life so



much depends, and for whom he entertains so high a regard, beneath his own roof and vigilance until a perfect cure shall be effected; for Mr. Wesley has a deep, tearing cough, and is very weak and heavy and in a fever.

It is a sore trial to him to be incapacitated now, for he desires greatly to go to Ireland. However, he has yielded to advice, and has consented to withdraw from all ministerial effort for a fortnight.

Mother at once fell in with father's plan and ordered the south-east chamber gotten ready. This is a pet room with us all. She begged father to urge his honored reverence come immediately.

We are in the greatest joy over our guest, for so Mr. Wesley will be in every sense. To look forward for two or three weeks to constant companionship with one at once so learned, genial, and good, is no small pleasure. When I think that he has preached in German, French, and Spanish, in all of which tongues he is learned, I wonder that I ever open my mouth before him.

Mother has ordered all manner of dainties for the table, although conscious that Mr. Wesley is so abstemious. She says, however, that such highly temperate people are oftentimes as fastidious in their



appetites as gourmands, so that she weens it fit to provide every possible variety of food.


Mr. Wesley has asked to have family prayers in his room, should he not be well enough to leave it, and hopes to conduct them much of the time.

As this is the day of his arrival I will stop writing, for it is high time I went to the drawing-room to be ready with mother to meet him when he comes down to dinner; for so he will.



## CHAPTER XV.

## The Methodists.

 WE pass our time so delectably since Mr. Wesley has come ! There is an atmosphere of deep living, as father puts it, throughout the house. Mother's quiet nature is wonderfully quickened. Her eyes and cheeks have a life and light almost holy. She says that she feels as if she were under sanctuary influences all the time. She came to my room last evening, after I was in bed, and sat down beside my couch, taking my hand between her own two soft palms, and said she felt she owed it to Mr. Wesley to tell me that she withdrew all her objections to Methodism, especially to the morning and field-meetings, and such like demonstrations, which she has hitherto esteemed of doubtful value, and certainly fit only for a vagrant population.

“Somehow, dear Cicely,” she went on, her clear voice slightly tremulous, “the world seems so large, and we so small, after I have been a while with this sainted man.



“He said to me when I admitted that the spirit of his teachings is godly, but the manner of them, excusing his presence, unseemly and not in accordance with the decorum of our stately Church :

“ ‘Nay, nay, Lady Hunter ; the world is my parish, and, in the name of Christ, I busy myself in calling not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Where the sinners are there must I go, an they will not come to me. I must feed them with the milk of the word, and the strong meat after. Christ, and salvation through him, existed when the temple was in ruins. Pentecostal fire fell direct from heaven upon the heads of chosen teachers, and came not by the laying on of hands.

“ ‘Did I please my own susceptibilities,’ he continued, ‘for the beautiful in devotional services, which is right seemly and natural, and an unconscious expression for those who, from station, wealth, or learning, live daily in the beautiful, I would never worship except in temples made either by God or human genius, and according to the forms of our Church ceremonial.

“ ‘Lady Hunter,’ he added, when I sat still, having really naught to say, ‘fancy the diminutiveness of this island on which we live compared with the



whole world. Think of Christ's promise that his kingdom, though as a grain of mustard-seed in the beginning, should spread mightily and overshadow and redeem the world. Is it even in accordance with the historic harmony of Christianity to suppose that after eighteen hundred years of the shining of his light into our hearts, and after the glorious record of saints and martyrs—whose bloody track began in Jerusalem and has extended even to the provinces of the New World—is it probable, nay, possible, that the one true way of worship for the elect should be that of a small body of worshipers in England under a State protection that began with the immoral propensities of Henry VIII?'

"I was astonished, daughter, to angry silence at first, and could not trust myself to reply lest I should show discourtesy as a hostess. I was shocked at Mr. Wesley's extreme plainness beneath the roof of so strict a Churchwoman as I pride myself on being.

"He looked steadfastly at me, though, from those keen bright eyes of his, and continued most gently :

"'Think not, dear Lady Hunter, that I speak these truths carelessly, or as one who recognizes himself without the pale of the Church—for I am



determined to live and die within our beautiful Church—but as one who sees that her borders must be enlarged, her forms varied, and the life of her members, which is the heart of all ecclesiasticism, made more spiritual. Our beloved Church is become a vast moneyed corporation; its livings are often given away by rich sinners to the unconverted; its pulpits are frequently occupied by men who preach not their own sermons—having neither wit nor piety enough to compose them—but the production of poor scribblers who live in garrets and write sermons by the yard for bread and butter. It is for the correction of such abuses, which, thank God, are not universal, that I am become a mark of derision. It is because when I believe I see signal evidences of holiness in a man, combined with a burning desire to save sinners, I encourage him to begin at once to tell what God hath done for him, that I am condemned.

“ ‘ But does not Christ say, “ By their works ye shall know them?” By the zeal of Methodists the Establishment has been quickened; the impulse of Methodism has given birth to a missionary spirit the like of which has not been seen since Paul answered that heaven-sent cry, “ Come over into Mace-



donia and help us." To be a good Methodist is to be a good citizen. It has been the enforcement of the Toleration Act to the letter, making Church people declare themselves dissenters, in order to obtain licenses for their chapels, that has taken hundreds out of the Church of England; a most pitiable blunder on the part of English statesmen.' "

"What is the Toleration Act, mother?" I broke in with; for all that she said was giving me such a new conception of Mr. Wesley, and the ignominious term Methodism, that I wanted to learn all I could while mother was in a talking mood.

"The Toleration Act, daughter, takes us back to the time of James II., during whose reign Churchmen and Nonconformists were temporarily united in trying to suppress the growing strength of Catholicism under the Stuarts. As soon, however, as King James fell this united feeling ceased, and then the Presbyterian Church was established in Scotland. Some Church people were for having the Prayer Book modified, so that dissenters would return to the Established Church, and for this purpose a bill called the Comprehension Bill was introduced into Parliament and was supported by King William III. But the bill failed. The king next



attempted to give dissenters the same civil equality with Churchmen ; but this effort also failed.

“ Public feeling in favor of the dissenters at length became so strong, however, and they were so very numerous, that in 1689 the Toleration Act was at last passed. This act established complete freedom of worship, but also laid a tax on dissenters for the licensing of their chapels.

“ Now, Mr. Wesley says that the failure of the Church to modify the Prayer Book, and make the Church broad enough to admit the Nonconformists who are in doctrine perfectly orthodox, gave our beloved Establishment a blow from which it will never recover. It lost thereby half its strength. New religious bodies, which since then have come into existence, have usually been in favor of lines of progress which the Church has almost uniformly opposed.

“ When I inquired of your father whether Mr. Wesley were not biased, because of the contumely he has sustained, he said, ‘ Alas ! no, wife. Our learned friend has history on his side.’ ”

“ But, mother,” I cried, “ if the Toleration Act were passed in 1689 I should think its great age would have fulfilled its efficacy.”



“And so it should,” she said, bitterly; “but they have pushed the law of late with such persecution that, though it was originally made only for those who scrupled to attend the service and sacrament of the Church, and in order to license the chapels of dissenters, unwise statesmen, who are also Churchmen, declare that Methodists, by the very acts of holding prayer-meetings and having preaching in houses not consecrated to divine worship according to the prescribed forms of the Church, are dissenters. Thus thousands of godly persons, mostly in humble circumstances, while still Churchmen, are taxed as dissenters, to enrich the revenues, under cover of the Conventicle Act. They have appealed in vain for redress.

“Mr. Wesley was so incensed when this blow was aimed against the poor—for the poor he calls God’s especial people—that he wrote a letter to one of the bishops most active in this movement, which he has given me to read.”

“Nancy,” said mother, turning to my new maid, whose modest decorum could scarce restrain her from putting in a word now and then—for she is a Methodist—“Nancy, go to my chamber and fetch a letter you will find placed within my Bible



on the *prie-dieu* by my east window." Mother ever prays with her face toward the east, in anticipation of our Lord's second coming from that quarter.

Nancy soon returned with the letter, which is a copy of the one sent to the bishop. Before mother read it I asked to have the "Conventicle Act" explained. I was beginning, if the truth were told, to feel much ashamed of my ignorance in matters pertaining so closely to the Church.

"The Conventicle Act," said mother, "was passed in 1664, under Charles II., and was even older than the Toleration Act, you see. It punished by fine, imprisonment, and transportation all meetings of more than five persons for any religious worship but that of the Common Prayer. I must admit, daughter, that, as I have reviewed these facts of history for myself since my conversation with Mr. Wesley, I have felt as if the true Church has always been, and ever must be, only in the hearts of humble, devout Christians, and not according to any prescribed forms whatsoever; no matter how wise their founders may be or however suitable such forms may prove for public worship. They are appropriate for the gathering of God's people together;



but they should, therefore, ever be varied according to the scriptural needs of congregations.

Well, I have been a long time in coming to the letter. Here it is:

“MY LORD: I am a dying man, having already one foot in the grave. Humanly speaking, I cannot long creep upon the earth, being now nearer ninety than eighty years of age. But I cannot die in peace before I have discharged this office of Christian love to your lordship. I write without ceremony, as neither hoping nor fearing any thing from your lordship or from any man living. And I ask, in the name and in the presence of Him to whom both you and I are shortly to give an account, why do you trouble those that are quiet in the land—those that fear God and work righteousness? Does your lordship know what the Methodists are? That many thousands of them are zealous members of the Church of England, and strongly attached, not only to his majesty, but to his present ministry? Why should your lordship, setting religion out of the question, throw away such a body of respectable friends? Is it for their religious sentiments? Alas! my lord, do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a



man of learning ; nay, I verily believe (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. Then think and let think. I pray God to bless you with the choicest of his blessings.' "

Mother folded the epistle thoughtfully, and, after sitting a few minutes in silence, kissed me and left me. I fell into a deep study.

Although but a few short months had sped into the past since I had stopped going to school, so much had happened, and I had seen so much and met so many people of quality and learning, as well as a few of unexampled piety, that it was just as if I had ascended from the cellar to the house-top. I was another girl : giddier, but older ; wiser, but with a far livelier sense of my ignorance.

I fell into a sweet sleep soon after mother left, and this pleasant state so absorbed me that I neither dreamed nor stirred till Nancy awoke me.

It was already late, so I hastened my dressing and hied down stairs, fearing that breakfast had begun, and, in case Mr. Wesley were well enough to be present, that I had lost a goodly slice of his conversation.

He was not down ; neither was mother there. Father stood at the side-board carving himself a



piece of ham, and eating with more haste thereafter than is his wont. I believe every one eats fast if he has to take a meal alone.

I sat down in my own place, asking, "Where is mother?"

"Gone out to buy a dressing-gown for Mr. Wesley, who is far from well; very far. He seems so full of inflammation that he will have to be blooded, if I mistake not his symptoms; and as he is so spare a man in his habit he will feel greatly reduced for a few days. He has begged me, daughter Cicely, to allow you to sit with him a spell this afternoon, to which I did of course consent, but with the condition that you should withdraw in an hour; for he is so much of a spirit and so little of a body that I fear he will vanish out of the world from under my roof unless we are most careful."

"Surely, father," I said, half fearful of going to see our guest, much as I coveted the privilege in some ways, "if you truly think there is danger of his giving up the ghost in my presence, I prefer to wait till he be stronger."

"Nay, daughter, 'tis not so bad as that; but I want you in your youth to observe the caution of age in your care of the sick; that is all!"



An hour thereafter mother came back with a great package, which Marcus carried to her room.

I followed her up stairs, curious to see what kind of gown Mr. Wesley would order; for I was sure that while it would be neat it would also be a marvel of simplicity.

What was my amazement, therefore, when she took the coverings from it with a certain fondness and pride, and held it up to better observe it, to behold one of solid black velvet that fell from her grasp in rich, thick folds. The lining was of white silk, and the collar and sleeves were enriched with a fall of soft white lace.

"What extravagance, mother, for a saint!"

"Mr. Wesley can well afford such a gown," she replied, demurely.

"Nay, but," I exclaimed, "I have heard so many marvelous stories of his self-denial; and for sumptuousness of apparel what could be finer or costlier than this? 'Tis fit for the king himself."

"Verily, Cicely, that is why I bought it. The gown is father's gift to Mr. Wesley; and he bade me, over and over, see to it that it was soft, warm, and elegant, and to spare no expense. Will he not look like a bishop or archbishop in it?" she con-



tinued ; “ and truly I do believe had he been less mindful of the poor, the simple, and the sinful he would have been made Archbishop of York or Canterbury ; what is far better, he is a lineal descendant, by the gift of the Holy Spirit, of the Prince of Peace, after the order of Melchisedec.”

“ Are you turning Methodist, mother ? ” I asked, softly and wonderingly.

She started and looked a bit frightened, then said, solemnly :

“ I am seeking new light. Mr. Wesley’s teachings and admonitions are like the voice of one crying in the wilderness of my soul, ‘ Prepare ye the way of the Lord.’ Whatever they make of me, or whithersoever they lead me, daughter, I truly believe they will mean my growth in grace.”

I stood transfixed ; for mother to me had always meant the attainment of perfect godliness. Truly, never in my whole life had I heard her say any thing or seen her do any thing on which I could lay the finger of reproach. If she has still to grow in grace, whispered my heart, where indeed am I ?

I began to be afraid of Mr. Wesley, as though he were a messenger direct from heaven. ’Tis a very different thing to sit and muse in one’s room, with



the belongings the same that they always are, on unseen and eternal things, or to walk out-of-doors with the sky and trees and cattle making the same sweet, changeless picture, and let the heart ascend in a little prayer of thanksgiving, to what it is to be in the very presence of possible death, and of old age so awful in its reverence and sanctity that you feel all at once like a great sinner, and, however much your spirit has crept toward God, as if, after all, you had not found out a single thing about him.

All that day I went about the house in such a still way, though mother was bright and talkative and with the flush on her cheek that never comes except when she is very happy.

Father came to us shortly after noon to say that he had taken fifty ounces of blood from his patient, and had also put Mr. Wesley through a blistering and other discipline, all of which had been borne with fortitude and a marvelous reserve of energy.

"The man is all sinew and nervous force," continued father, "and I believe will be good for several years more of life after recuperating. I shall give him a course of James's Powders, which are a truly sovereign remedy for worn-out powers, for, though Mr. Wesley's will leads him to put forth a



great show of vitality, his long journeys, his feverish condition, and this baleful cough indicate how much he needs rest."

"Father, dear," I said, looking up into his pale, earnest face, "when will you take rest? You begin to look well-nigh as ill as you did that day we went to Windsor."

"All in good time, daughter," he said, cheerily. "Let me first cure Mr. Wesley, and finish the autumn course of lectures, and then, God willing, mother and you and I will go over to Paris for the winter."

"Father!" I cried, "truly?"

"Truly. I want it as much as you can. And now, child, go put on the white dress I love to see you in, and then proceed to Mr. Wesley's apartments, where you will find me also when you come."

It was with no feeling of vanity that I donned the pretty gown that father likes, for my mind was now agitated with the prospect of travel and anon stirred with troubled, yet pleasing, anticipations of this interview. I did think it strange that any one at all ill could find consolation in the company of a young girl.

When I was ready, I started, though very slowly,



to traverse the long gallery leading to the south-east wing, where Mr. Wesley's rooms are.

The sitting-room is a mighty pretty one, and, though very handsome, has a fine air of elegant simplicity. The windows are small low casements high up in the wall, yet letting in through their diamond panes manifold bars of afternoon light, which flicker athwart the polished floor and often pale the glow in the burning logs upon the hearth.

Father opened the door to my knock.

Before the hearth sat Mr. Wesley, a picture of venerable age and beauty. His long snowy locks met the lace about his throat. His thin and handsome hands rested on the arms of his chair and looked carven out of ivory. His bright eyes were large and patient and tired, as if he had undergone great pain. Around his mouth hovered the sweetest smile, alluring me as though he were a veritable angel.

I wondered at the foolish fear that had seized me when out of his sight, and, why, I know not, as I approached him an impulse seized me to kneel beside him and bend my head for a blessing.

He pronounced a benediction that I had often heard in church unmoved; but, with that saintly



hand on my head, how could I do otherwise than thrill with awe as he said in a tremulous, halting voice, but as sweet as the bells of Westminster:

“The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

When I rose, he drew me to him and kissed me.

I took a chair a little removed, and father and he apparently continued a conversation that my entrance had interrupted, on the witness of the Spirit.

Father leaned against the mantel. The fire-light touched his figure so that it was etched in somber dignity upon the gloom, darkening that part of the room where he stood.

Mr. Wesley outspread his hands in describing what he called a divine effluence that pervaded the inner consciousness to such an extent that he could liken it to nothing else but the sun on a summer morning rising from a sea of mist and glorifying ocean and sky with the colors of the rainbow.

Father has a rare engraving—Sir Joshua gave him—of a famous painting in Milan of the Lord's Supper, in which the Christ looks so beatific that I often gaze on it till my eyes swim in tears. I thought of that picture.



All at once, in calm, insinuating tones, most musical, still with hands outspread, Mr. Wesley repeated :

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick’ning powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.”

His voice thrilled my very soul. “Can this be religion?” I asked myself. How easy, under such a benign influence as certainly actuates this aged man, to do hard things! How possible to be patient! How impossible to be otherwise than pure in heart—which I am not; for O, such fugitive, wicked thoughts are ever flitting athwart my brain, darkening the good when I am otherwise bent upon its performance!

However, I said nothing, but became a very epitome of outward stillness, although my heart knocked so against my ribs that it truly seemed as if it would find an exit.

I glanced at father. His eyes were bent in deep thought. His furrowed brow was majestic in its thoughtfulness.

It was, indeed, a solemn moment for us all.

I looked again at Mr. Wesley. His eye caught



mine. Such an illuminating smile mantled his countenance, such a sweet dignity beamed in his whole expression, that then and there faith in him awoke in me a greater faith in God.

"It must be most true," I said to myself, "since he is so glorified."

"My friend," suddenly said father, drawing himself up to his greatest height, "tell me, by the integrity of your own soul, have you personally had this witness? Have you, not once, but repeatedly, felt this kindling flame of which you speak? Do you solemnly believe that this glow of ecstasy is not the excitation of your own emotions, but a power from above filling you, a supernatural power, —yea, I will even say the power of God: God speaking directly to you in heavenly comfort?"

Weak as he was, Mr. Wesley sprang to his feet. A holy energy seemed to emanate from his frame. Verily, it did appear to me at that moment that the fetters of his flesh would burst asunder and manifest an angel of revelation.

He uttered a kind of credo in a series of short exclamations which are stamped forever on my memory.

"I *have* had this witness. The Spirit *has* wit-



nessed with my spirit not *once*, but *innumerable* times, kindling in me a joy that has nothing earthly in it. I *do most solemnly believe* that the Spirit witnessing with my spirit is none other than the invisible but present majesty of the most high God, my King, my Father, my Comforter—my Redeemer!”

Never, never can I forget the ringing conviction in his tones, as he enumerated names so endearing to every longing, aspiring heart.

Father gazed steadfastly at him, as Stephen, I think, must have gazed into the very heavens when they were opened. He said in a voice both of entreaty and command, “Then pray for me, that I may receive light.”

“Let us pray,” said Mr. Wesley.

As I rose I noticed mother leaning against one of the windows, sobbing violently.

I stole to her side and we knelt together.

That holy voice, tremulous with mingled weakness and supplication, poured forth such a beseeching cry for the divine Presence, and such a flood of thankful ascription for mercies already vouchsafed, that I became imbued with an expectancy unlike any thing I had ever known.



A vast company of the unseen appeared to me to fill the room, though my eyes were closed.

Mother's hand thrilled me with a warm sympathy nearer than any words her dear lips had ever spoken. I put my arms around her while still kneeling, and laid my head on her shoulder. But, although I did so and was so glad to be near her, I felt as if a vast peace embraced us both—as if we were one being leaning on a higher Power.

How long Mr. Wesley prayed I know not, but suddenly, as it seemed to me, I heard him again saying :

“The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

I rose. I walked over to Mr. Wesley and, standing before him, I said :

“His peace is now in my heart.”

Father folded me in his arms, murmuring, “My precious Cicely! My lamb! God grant that this peace may come to mother and me in a high tide.”

And then mother said, a smile hovering about her sweet mouth, “If I mistake not, husband, the tide is coming in for us. It is quite past the turning with me.”



“Bless the Lord!” cried Mr. Wesley. Then, his voice a little husky, he added, “Pray without ceasing. Be instant in season and out of season.”

Father all at once appeared to realize that he had forgotten his patient as such, and instantly he bade mother and me withdraw. We did not see him again till late that night. Mother and I had passed most of the interval in prayer and conversation.

When father did join us I knew at once that his mind was at rest, as mine is. He came right to mother, and, kissing her, while he folded his arms about me as I sprang to his side, he said, “As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. That is our first and last concern henceforth. Is it not, wife?”

Mother laid her cheek on the hand she held and whispered, “Yes.”

We sat a long time in willing silence, which I was the first to break.

“Do you not think, father, that God sent Mr. Wesley here?”

“Certainly, daughter. But I have left him asleep, and, though he is doing well, 'tis our solemn duty for the sake of others whom he may yet lead to the light, as well as for his own dear sake, to do all in our power to give him a speedy recovery. So I



must go back and watch beside him for an hour or two."

"It shall be my privilege to spend the night," said mother, "in his sitting-room, in order to attend to any want."

"Nay, that is not necessary," said father, smiling affectionately. "Let Marcus have the night-watch, and you shall have the day."

Soon after, the whole household, except father and Marcus, were in a sound sleep. As for myself, I know, after a short prayer, which I felt I could sing, I glided into the sweetest slumber, from which only the broad daylight, falling in a sunbeam across my very eyes, awoke me.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## My Lord Carew.

WE had already breakfasted and had prayers the next morning, and I was about to sit down to arduous practice on my violin, when none other than my Lord Carew was announced.

Mother looked a trifle serious, but remarked with composure:

“You may receive him alone, daughter, but say that I will join you presently.”

Some way, without aught being said, I knew that Lord Carew had come to ask for my hand, and that he must, therefore, have already spoken to father.

I was amazed to find that, without any ado with myself, I had an answer ready, for certainly I had dilly-dallied between an ambition for his title and estates and James Keble's manliness and love till I was utterly tired out with the thought of either.

I could not help remembering that the morrow would be my seventeenth birthday, and I said stoutly to my heart, fluttering till it well-nigh choked



me, "'Tis well to have this matter settled before another year begins."

I think certain scales of worldliness and ambition must have fallen from my eyes, for as I entered the drawing-room and Lord Carew advanced to meet me, with much graciousness and gallantry, forsooth, but with overmuch assurance, I regarded him steadfastly, though my knees knocked, and I thought,

"You are a tonnish young man, indeed, but not James Keble."

He has lived abroad so much, moreover, that he appeared to me less an Englishman than ever this day, for he was habited in the very latest French style. He looked so overforeign that I felt farther removed from him than Dover is from Calais.

I put on my bravest manner, and was as snug and reserved as prudence and modesty demanded.

He has a kind of languid nonchalance mightily becoming to him, but never soul-stirring to me in a lover, and on this occasion he seemed clothed in it from head to foot, warning me that I was either mistaken in his intentions or that he had a most complacent belief in his success.

I sat down, and he followed suit—a wee bit too near—but I held myself up as straight as though



I did wear the corsage and ruff of Queen Elizabeth, and began a quick conversation—too much on my side, it is true, but as full of questions as a plum-cake of raisins, and with not a ray of light on the score of sentiment.

There is no manner of learning in Lord Carew, but he is highly agreeable, and a true ladies' man, and therefore that stillness and stupor which oft attack me in the presence of dullness did not once seize me.

But my lord began to make long and ominous pauses. I fear I was sinful to enjoy a growing discomposure in him, as he wakened no conscious awkwardness in me.

I have, though, so often heard him reckoned one of the flashers of London, for style, audacity, and expenditure, that I considered it but right, when he hesitated over taking Dr. William Hunter's daughter to wife and then speedily grew ardent to Sir William Hunter's daughter, that he should suffer a spell of embarrassment.

All things must have an end.

Mother did not come.

I saw that my lord would have it out, do what I could to discourage him, and as he is obtuse in fine



thoughts and the soul of courtesy, I knew that he never could appreciate, as did Mr. Charles Wesley, a dismissal that was never spoken.

So it came about that he asked me out and out to be his wife as glibly as though he were buying me; and, though I would fain have stopped him before he said overmuch, I could not for very indignation over the manner of his proposition. I had, too, a most lively sense of shame that I could ever have turned my most secret thoughts to such a specimen of a lover, and felt well and deservedly punished.

At length he ceased, and fixed his eyes on me as if all were settled.

“My Lord Carew,” I said, after a pause, in which I had rallied my courage and my temper enough for words, “I thank you for the honor of your proposal, though not as politely made, considering the long line of your chivalrous ancestors, as I could desire; but my answer must be—No!”

He sprang to his feet in amazement and anger, for the rebuff aroused a conceit which I am sure is greater than any love he has yet felt.

“Why, then, Mistress Hunter, have you permitted my addresses, if you have but No for answer?”



“Nay, my lord, they were never addresses till so recently that I have had no time to discourage you. Till you were sure yourself of the port whither you were steering it seemed unnecessary for me to barricade my harbors.”

I could have bitten my tongue off the next minute for this saucy, though true, speech; for, with the honors of war on my side, I should have been at least generous, and besides, while anger and sarcasm are sometimes needful, those times are rare.

He looked at me steadfastly a full minute, and then flung out the retort that I was so apt in naval illustrations that doubtless my heart was already engaged.

I felt the crimson flare into my face at that, and was fairly struck dumb; but I quickly said, “’Twould be strange if you and I neither heard nor used naval language, with our country so dependent on her ships and their brave crews. Were I a man,” I said, stoutly, “I should surely enter the navy.”

Had not mother come in I verily believe that we would then and there have had a hot quarrel. The sight of her made me recover both my sense and my courtesy, and I turned to my dismissed lover and said, honestly and heartily:



“ My Lord Carew, I am grievously sorry for any pain I may have given you, and I thank you truly also again and again for the honor you have paid me, though in vain.”

Then I walked swiftly from the drawing-room straight up the long staircase to my room, and when I had locked the door I flung myself on a couch, and wept bitterly that I had so entirely forgotten the sacred vows of the preceding day.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## Fightings Within.

I MUST now carry you forward to a time two weeks later than the date of my last writing, as that interval was passed in such quietness at home and such peace of spirit within that, as I look back upon those sweet days, I seem to have lived in a paradise of bliss.

There was a lull in our fashionable going and our receiving of visitors which was, indeed, none of our direct seeking; but the visitors happened to be many fewer than usual, and, as for invitations, no matter what the regale from their acceptance might have been, mother's care of our guest made it necessary for us to decline.

Thus day and night we lived well-nigh to ourselves.

Mother and I spent much time in prayer and study of the Scriptures together; for Mr. Wesley daily admonished me that though I was saved by grace yet that I must grow daily in grace. So con-



sumed was I with these new themes, new desires, and, I will add, new battles, especially with vanity, which I now recognized as my besetting sin, that I felt like a soldier under stern military drill, which, methinks, was a necessary sensation for one who had so nearly followed her own will all her life.

I have always possessed an enormous faculty for making others follow my behests, but, indeed, to command Cicely Hunter, and persuade her by an appeal alone to do right, to do good, and to be good, was the toughest operation of my life. Though I had a powerful, continual contention with my numerous weaknesses, the inner peace remained.

But, all at once, like a flash of thought, while I was feeling that to be a Christian and live a Christian was the easiest thing in the world, the inner comfort, which had so buoyed me, departed, and I fell into such a fit of the dumps as I had never known before.

Father, busy as he was, saw the change in me, and dear mother expressed her notice of it by saying she feared I was ill.

Father shook his head, Nay—his hand on my pulse—and said, “On the contrary, Cicely was never



better. Though no such immediate full gift of light came to me as to you, daughter, still, the light that is in me has been often enough withdrawn for me to know that when the darkness comes there may be even a still higher walk with God *through faith*.

“It is as dark, father,” I exclaimed, “as though I never had been born again. I feel cross and discouraged, and as if it were all a delusion.”

“Pray,” interposed Mr. Wesley, who had entered unobserved. “’Tis no delusion ; but if such victory remained a life-time with a young saint, where would be the fightings and wrestlings that mark the whole journey of life? The higher light shines upon me now well-nigh all the time, but it is because of the gradual breaking of the dawn of the eternal day. The good things of God come with much prayer. Live a Christian when you do not *feel* a Christian, for the feeling will take care of itself.”

I looked at the venerable old man when he had ceased speaking, my eyes blurred with tears. He shone through the tears with a kind of awful sanctity. I realized so impressively his great age, his holiness, and an influence which ever sways me mysteriously for good when in his presence, that I deem what father says is true—that he was espe-



cially appointed as a messenger in our profligate and degenerate age to call a nation to salvation.

Well, every thing went wrong that whole day. I wounded mother's heart to the quick with my pertness. I insinuated to father that 'twere possible that Methodist views were kindred with Count Cagliostro's superstitions, and brought upon myself a severe and sudden rebuke. I kept Nancy standing an hour when I saw all the time that she was sick and weary. I made a feint of eating a mighty small dinner when I was all but starving, to draw forth sympathy and attention.

When we gathered together for family prayers that eve my cheeks burned with shame as father read aloud one of Mr. Charles Wesley's recent compositions:

"The praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart,  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my peaceful heart ;  
My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppressed ;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.

"Swift to my rescue come,  
Thine own this moment seize ;  
Gather my wandering spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace :



Suffered no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God."

Then Mr. Wesley read with great quietness, but much fervor, the fourteenth chapter of St. John. After the regular evening devotions from the Prayer Book, he added a short supplication for me which brought a cessation of my spiritual rebellion, and left me with a strange feeling of humbleness I had never experienced before; but with it came a renewed assurance of God's goodness and that he had vouchsafed a special blessing to me.

I rose to my feet determined anew to fight the good fight of faith.

Presently stealing from the room I summoned my poor maid, and bade her go at once to bed and sleep till she awoke of her own accord. Her surprised and grateful look was answer enough to the truth of my general heedlessness and selfishness.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## Bath.

THE next day father announced that we were all to go to Bath for a fortnight, as the change of air would be most beneficial to Mr. Wesley and as he also required rest.

This piece of news was a joyful surprise. I hastened to my room to make ready, as we had but two days for what appeared to me essential and extensive preparations.

I had longed so often to visit this famous watering-place, and had been so often disappointed in my expectations, that I could hardly believe it true when we were seated in the family coach.

Mr. Wesley was most comfortably propped by pillows, and all dangerous draughts were excluded from his corner. He was in fine spirits, and, though so thin, his bright eyes, snowy locks, and the exceeding delicacy and freshness of his complexion, the like of which I have never before beheld united with great age, made his appearance angelical.



Marcus and the maids were in a second coach, together with our numerous boxes; for father bade us take a fine array of dresses, since he expected us to meet many distinguished persons.

I fancied Mr. Wesley would make occasion, during our long journey, to give me divers counsels on balls, card-playing, and other diversions in vogue at Bath. But he did nothing of the kind.

Once he said he was pleased with my youthful spirits, and once mother and he had a conversation on what pertains to the education of a female in genteel society; to which I listened acutely.

Among other studies he advised logic, of which I know no more than a baby. He mentioned a long array of histories, books I have often noticed on father's shelves; but only one attracted me, to wit, *Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*. Times of war and discord have ever appealed to something warlike in me.

Then he gave mother a disquisition on metaphysics, and eulogized a work called *Locke's Essay on the Understanding*, and another named *Search After Truth*, by a French writer, Malebranche—re-marking that he had included them in a list of books for his niece, Sally.



For poetics he advised Spenser, Shakespeare, Hoole, Fairfax, and Milton. And for a beginning and an ending he advised the study of divinity.

I thought to myself, did I know all these subjects I would be wiser than half the witlings who dabble in learning at Oxford and Cambridge.

Mother feared that so much wisdom might unsex a woman, but Mr. Wesley only shook his head sagely, remarking that the half that women could do for God, both with learning and without it, was not yet known.

Father gave the horse he was riding to a groom, at this juncture, and came inside, when he and Mr. Wesley conversed in Latin a bit.

As this was not to my edification I busied my thoughts with Bath and my future till I grew sleepy, which was just as we were approaching Maidenhead Bridge, where we spent the first night, though we had great difficulty in finding an inn, as all were full, because of the Windsor hunt the day before.

The second day was uneventful. At night we put up at Speen Hill.

At Devizes, where we slept the third night, Mr. Wesley was slightly ill. We waited for him to



regain strength, and it was a week after we left London before we set foot in the famous watering-place.

O, such a beautiful town as Bath is! The houses are as fine as London mansions. The streets are clean and elegant, and on every hand opens an enchanting prospect.

Father took lodgings on the South Parade, and my delight was great when I discovered from my window the gentle Avon flowing through peaceful meadows.

Every body is here. Both Dr. Porteus, Bishop of Chester, and the Bishop of Worcester are here, and, while not the gayest of the gay, are in all the good times, and the latter greatly conspicuous, as his wife is a notable woman of fashion.

I could not but think of the learned divine who is our guest, and who expresses himself determined, the first day he walks out, to go, not to promenade on the Parade, or to visit the Pump Room, or to be seen at Lady Miller's, but to hunt up some poor colliers who were converted under his preaching when he was at Bath before.

He went with us, on the first Sunday, to St. James's Church, where we beheld a tonnish enough audience, but heard so poor a preacher that mother



and I spent the afternoon in reading aloud some of Dr. Robert South's sermons.

Toward sunset we went out for a walk, and met Bishop Porteus with a party of friends whom he had escorted down the river to a place where public teas are sold, and where, the guests declared, they had been both well feasted and well entertained by their host.

Mother shook her head a trifle sadly as we sauntered on, but her respect is ever so great for the "powers that be" that she kept silence.

But, these days, *I* think much for myself.

The following Thursday we diverted ourselves the whole morning in looking over the handsome goods of a milliner who craved the privilege of showing us her merchandise.

Mother bought me a new bonnet, which I could not, however, try on, as my hair was already dressed for Lady Miller's *vase*, which is the most modish entertainment in Bath just at present. Nobody is any thing in Bath, this season, who is neither literary nor musical.

I thank my stars that I can perform on the violin before a critical audience, and I was silly enough when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu declared that



this accomplishment, together with my beauty, would make me a great belle, to feel immensely flattered and vain.

In Bath, in spite of my endeavors to the contrary, I am constantly taking two steps earthward to each step heavenward. I notice that Mr. Wesley observes me carefully, but I have still to hear a single word of advice or admonishment from him.

Lady Mary is dreadfully learned, universally traveled, and quite the rage ever since London forgot its scare over her bravery in introducing inoculation for small-pox in the great lessening of that calamitous disease. I like her immensely, and if all blue-stockings resembled her, or I at least could hope to do so, I would take up Mr. Wesley's course of reading. Still, my notion is that learning and I will never be boon companions.

Well, we went to Lady Miller's.

The witlings were there in force, trying their hand at poetry, for it is the proper thing at this assemblage to write a piece of poetry and drop it into a huge vase all decked off with ribbons. There is a committee on prizes, and the lucky poet is the hero of the day. I did not try, for, after racking my brains for an hour, all I could put together was,



Alack, alack, alack a day,  
What on earth shall I say?

O, dear me! There are so many pompous people here, each one so important over nothing!

Lady Miller is a dowdyish sort of woman, her fine clothes to the contrary; she is rather coarse-looking, too, and so energetic, serious, and consequential about these prizes that one would think she was discovering Shakespeares by the score. And all these would-be male poets do walk about with such a lackadaisical air, as if they had springs in their knees and toes that refused to bend backward. A fashionable gait is my abomination!

I was mightily pestered with these poets. How I sighed for a half hour of James Keble's eloquent silence! I talked to them, however, like mad. Indeed, that is the way every one talks here, though much of the time nothing is said. All who were present were either persons of rank or famous, as Lady Miller prides herself on the quality of her companies, and the character as well; for she will really not admit any one of either blemished reputation or character.

In the evening of this same day we went to a fine concert given at a house facing on the Circus, which



is another fashionable place for promenading. There was much singing, but little music in it till Mr. Charles Wesley and his brother sang an arrangement of Jommelli's *Miserere* set for two voices. They rendered it well, and the tears, I think, had come to my eyes to stay had not a spinster followed them with an English song full of *Chloe* and *Phyllis*, as out of date as the last century, especially now that every one affects Italian music.

They say that after a certain age time stands still with every one, and that the pleasure of life consists in the repetition of the trite. I cannot fancy such a condition of affairs in my own case, for I was tired of Bath after we had been there a week. With all my frivolity—and I am brimful of it, I know, for I find it so difficult to be serious—I nevertheless count it exceedingly silly to do naught but walk up and down on the Parade and the Circus, to linger in the Pump Room drinking the waters, to dress perpetually for balls, concerts, and teas, and to talk all the talk which does not contain one new thing, but makes a deal of clatter; and to be tonnish in Bath these are the occupations required.

I rose early one morning, thinking to have an hour for communion with nature, which ever leads



my thoughts to God; but, when I tripped out of doors, lo and behold! there sat Mr. Wesley on a bench in earnest converse with a creature that I had difficulty in discerning to be a woman.

She was a collier who had heard that the great preacher was recovering his health in Bath, and had trudged from the coal mines, not very far distant, to see his face and ask him if there were truly another life.

Mr. Wesley beckoned me to him, his smile full of ravishing sweetness, on which that collier fixed her gaunt and melancholy eyes as though she saw an angel. She stared at me too, with an expression in which was neither curiosity nor shamefacedness, but only a stupid amazement, as if she had suddenly found herself in the presence of a new order of beings.

“Do you see this woman, Mistress Cicely?” said Mr. Wesley. “She lives beneath the ground all day and knows neither the blessedness of the sunlight nor the invigoration of fresh air. This is the first day in ten years that she has walked abroad on the sweet earth, and has leave to do it to-day only because her three children lie dead in her little cabin. She goes fourteen hours a day on hands



and feet, drawing coal-cars through the mine, the ropes around her waist and passed between her legs, for which cause she is clad in these trousers of sack-ing as you behold her. But she has a mother's heart, notwithstanding, and has walked a weary way to ask if I know where those little souls have sped. When I told her that they were with One who would carry them like lambs in his bosom, she asked whether there be darksome mines in that other world, and whether mothers have time to nurse their babies there and love them."

Then he turned to the woman and talked a dialect that I could follow but little; but he said to me in an aside, "If you will do the dear Lord's work, be all things to all men, Mistress Cicely."

O, how mean and little I felt as I saw the shadow, so to speak, of a happy light illumine that collier's faded cheek as Mr. Wesley talked! And how I longed, too, to be about my Master's business instead of consuming my time in careless amusement!

When I said so to Mr. Wesley, after the woman had gone away much comforted, and with money to buy a breakfast, he looked at me most searchingly and said, briefly,



Yea, work while it is to-day; for the night cometh in which no man can work."

We sat under a fine old beech, the sunlight flickering through its myriad leaves and casting a halo over that saintly head.

Mr. Wesley seemed lost in thought, but at length suddenly rose to his feet, his face aglow with energy and enthusiasm. Extending his hands to the sky he ejaculated, "God, reveal my work for to-day!"

Then, looking down at me, he said; "On Saturday I shall preach, in the fields hard by, to thousands of God's poor. Perhaps there will be a word for you in that sermon. Pray that there may be."

"O, Mr. Wesley," I said, "do you think father will let me attend a field-meeting here?"

"Yea, even that!" he answered, a humorsome smile softening the solemnity of his countenance. "Your revered father now believes with me that the world is my parish; yea, though even the Bishop of London has writ against me, and though the lord mayor has forbidden my use of the halls and markets of the city. When the Archbishop of Canterbury laid his hands upon my head and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel,' yea, since that time, as the Spirit has illuminated me,



*have* I preached it, and I *shall* preach its blessed cheer whenever and wherever I find souls longing or needing to drink of the waters of salvation."

What had I to say before such a fervor! I maintained silence mixed with awe, but burned with impatience for Saturday. I was loth to keep my engagements for two teas and one concert in the intervening time.

I ween that Mr. Wesley thinks well enough of such diversions occasionally indulged in, though he spoke openly and boldly to father in condemnation of the universal custom, both in the Church and out of it, of card-playing, dancing, and tippling.

Father kept silence. Fashions have ever seemed to him important, and as expressing the taste and habits of the most intelligent classes. Still, I know that he already sees much in a different aspect from what he did a year ago. As for myself, I am far too young to act rashly, especially as I am sure that father will weigh these matters and in the end decide wisely and righteously.

When I see the host of giddy men and women here, giddier than their children, even, I realize that the greatest blessing yet vouchsafed me is father and mother.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## Mr. Keble Suddenly Appears.

WHO should turn up late on Tuesday morning but Mr. Horace Walpole, goutier than ever, and attired in the tip of the fashion. I wondered, as I looked at him, if the great statesman who made the family so famous had time for so much French costumery. Mr. Walpole was very pale; bloodless. Especially his face. I suppose he feels mighty feeble, for his fingers have just gotten rid again of the chalk-stones that form in their joints. However, he came into our parlor, bowing and tip-toeing just like Lady Miller's poets, his hat carried between his hands as if the business of his life were to keep it crushed and formless. He wore a summer suit of lavender. His waistcoat was embroidered with silver. His silk stockings were of the delicate soft hue of the partridge, and set off with exceedingly handsome gold buckles. His frill and ruffles were of the costliest lace. Before he went, though he made but a short visit, he presented a



snuff-box, sparkling with jewels, to all in the room, and filled, he assured us, with delicious *tabac d'étrennes*.

But I am bound never to be a snuff-taker, fashion or no fashion, and so I declined. Mother, who is ever most polite, though snuff is disagreeable to her, took a pinch, with which I noticed, however, she soon slyly parted company.

It was that same evening that I was pouring tea in the Marchioness of Downing's rooms, to my own enjoyment and the delectation and bodily comfort of five or six young men, who hovered about me as bees over honey.

The marchioness is distantly related to mother, and has requested me to receive with her at all of her entertainments. As she is so much higher in rank than we are, and as father opines it may be to my advantage to be chaperoned by so great a lady, there is nothing for me to do but to be at her beck and bidding. I mislike it somewhat, as I perceive that the marchioness is far more conscious than I am of her condescension. However, I forget her as much as possible and enjoy myself between-times.

Well, I had just given a smart rejoinder, as I



handed him his tea, to a rattling, harum-scarum youth who was jovializing us all with his wit, when, in slightly turning my head to better hear a speech at my left, whom should I behold standing in the deep embrasure of a window, his arms folded upon his breast, but James Keble!

I had like to have dropped the tea-cup I had taken up, but I managed to maintain some composure, and, arching my brows slightly, I bowed. But my discovery kept undoing me more and more.

I was piqued that he had not come forward; I was chagrined that he had heard all the silly banter of the witlings around me, and O, more than all, the sight of him was so precious that I wished the room were a wilderness and I alone with him in it.

Time went on leaden wings, though I verily believe not more than ten minutes had elapsed before I had dissipated the court about my chair and had risen to give him a better chance, if that were what he wanted. I fortified myself to look toward that window, then, once more.

He was gone.

How vexed I felt both with him and myself! I had no time for musings, however, for the evening was drawing near, and it was necessary for me to



call my chair and go home to get ready for the illuminations and fire-works that were to be displayed, after which was to follow a ball given by Sir William Chatterton at his mansion on the Crescent.

While I was dressing my thoughts flew hither and thither, querying why and how Mr. Keble had come so suddenly to Bath.

I had believed him gone to some far distant port.

Mother put an end to my speculations by coming into my chamber to bid me hasten, as one fire-wheel had already been set off. I soon joined father and her, and we sauntered forth.

I was immensely delighted with an embankment of barges in the river, each one decked with myriad streamers, and adding vastly to the scene whenever a piece was lighted.

All the beaux and belles were out in force. The former stared so boldly at our party—a depraved foreign fashion—that I believe I will drop them a courtesy if they continue thus forward. A presuming man is as little to my taste as a forward woman.

We came out, eventually, where we had a fine view of barges, fire-works, the surging crowd, and the illuminations, which were on the whole very creditable and patriotic. The illuminations were



huge paintings on oiled paper eulogizing some event in the reign of his majesty. As they were out of doors they made a new and interesting spectacle, more novel to my taste than any tableaux that I had ever seen.

Although I was all eyes and ears and animation for the brilliant pageant before me, there was an inner Cicely Hunter who sought every-where for James Keble, and who grew depressed and fretful as figure after figure of manly proportions came upon the horizon, and not one of them proving to be he. For the first time a thrilling fear possessed me lest he should step out of my life as quietly as he had stolen admittance to my regard. I knew that night, in the midst of all the gayety and fashion which reigned on every hand in a very carnival of splendor, that never for one moment had my affections spoken for Lord Carew or wavered from James. 'Twas the will-o-the-wisp ambition that had allured me from ever showing one ray of encouragement to the splendid man who now so filled the very air that, had an illumination suddenly been displayed, revealing him in all his excellent beauty and commanding aboard his ship, 'twould not have surprised me in the least.



The evening waned toward ten, when we turned toward the ball-room, where father thought we should at least go and show ourselves, though I had begged off from dancing, feeling strangely disinclined to it since I had been in Bath; and music usually goes to my feet as quickly as to my sentiment.

We had come into the very shadow of the beech under which Mr. Wesley and I had sat, and there, on the self-same bench, his face lit up by a flambeau carried by a passing servant, was the object of my heart's search.

He rose instantly, and making mother a profound bow, which in some way included me, he took father's hand, which was at once heartily extended.

Mother and I courtesied, I doing my very loftiest, for I was suddenly piqued that we should have encountered him thus, even as if I were not in the world!

He presently stole a look at me, and as it met mine his hazel eyes lit up with a sudden fire which was as speedily quenched; but his countenance kept a softened aspect, and his voice mellowed and deepened, and I still knew that he cherished the thought of me.



He remained but a trifling time in conversation and then bade us good-evening, to which I replied with an uncontrollable falter in my tone by asking would he be at the ball.

He briefly and gravely said "Nay," gazing at me suddenly, withal, with such an appealing eye that I was lost in wonder; then he turned and disappeared rapidly in the darkness.

"A young man of fine parts," said mother, as we too walked on.

"Yea," said father; "his like is not often seen. He was nobly made by his Creator. 'Tis certain, an he lives, he will be Lord High Admiral."

O how my heart swelled with pride under the covering night! Had I been his wife I could not have assented more heartily to these eulogies. Little did father think how hard he was driving in a nail that I felt sure his schemes for me would wrench out, were that possible.

We did not remain long at the ball, for my head ached so badly that I begged to be taken home. I tossed all that night in uneasy thought and fantastic dreams, for great fear had gotten hold of me, that, though James Keble did love me, he nevertheless meant to cut himself loose from such a tri-



fling and changeable young woman as I had ever delighted in showing myself to him.

The next day wore drearily away. The concert was the most stupid one I had ever heard.

Mother gave a tea in the afternoon, at which I was forced to appear my best; and hard work it was, for, though an invitation had been sent to Mr. Keble early in the morning, he had replied in the negative on the plea of another engagement.

Mr. Wesley stepped in a few minutes when the guests were just a-coming. I am sure he did so only to honor mother. When I urged his longer stay he gently refused me, saying that he had a prayer-meeting to conduct preparatory to the great field-meeting. These prayer-meetings, methinks, are very hybrid affairs. No Prayer Book, from all accounts, and numerous short addresses to the Almighty from both the learned and the ignorant. There are days—and this is one of them—when it taxes all my faith in and admiration of Mr. Wesley to countenance his strange doings.

I wonder what James Keble would think if he knew I was half a follower of this churchly dissenter. He would feel sure, doubtless, that I had sheer lost my senses.



## CHAPTER XX.

*The Field-Meeting.*

**T**HE day for the field-meeting was one of heavenly fairness.

As the services were to begin at nine of the clock, we had to rise betimes.

Criers went through Bath at eight, summoning all who wished to hear good news for this world and the next to attend a sermon to be preached by Mr. John Wesley.

I stuck my head out of the window to better hear, and saw a score of ladies of rank and fashion doing likewise. There was much sniggering and sparring among the maids and lackeys over the proclamation.

On every hand were placards announcing the meetings. Indeed, it was published far and wide, both in town and country.

Nothing but father's great fame for learning and skill and mother's sweet dignity, of which she is never dispossessed, kept some of our friends, I am



sure, from openly ridiculing us for our intention to join the vast crowds of poor folk gathering from all quarters and flocking to the meadows hard by. The Marchioness of Downing did advise father somewhat haughtily to leave mother and me at home, if he felt that he must go in the interest of science.

“My lady,” he replied, his proud mouth set rather scornfully, “neither I nor my family go in the interest of science, but to see if perchance this mode of teaching and preaching be more excellent than the one to which we have been bred. Certainly our beloved Church has come to such a sorry pass that one looks as quickly for Christliness without her pale as for godliness within it. What little piety there is left is so sadly ostentatious that I ween if God’s work is to be done in England there will have to be a pentecostal display.”

The Marchioness looked mightily ruffled. But, as she has a sick son whose life, she considers, hangs on father’s skill, she said no more, but moved away with a cold, hard mien, which made her appear shockingly ugly. She is a handsome woman, but, O, so worldly-wise and ambitious! Social ambition, I begin to think, is a dry-rot that leaves absolutely nothing behind it.



We went in our traveling-carriage to the scene of the meeting, intending to sit comfortably within its shelter. But when we found at least ten thousand souls collected about the cart in which Mr. Wesley already stood we knew that such ease was of no use, were we to hear properly.

Never, never shall I forget that scene. The river sparkled in the sunlight. The gentle hills, clothed in the vivid green of early summer, swelled toward the sky in velvet softness. The sun's rays were tempered by fleecy clouds sprinkling the whole heavens. A soft breeze stirred the grass and the leaves, and made me think of "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Over the vast crowd a spirit of expectancy brooded which powerfully affected me.

Mr. Wesley stood, calm as an angel, surveying the sea of upturned faces. He had on his gown and bands, just as if he were in church.

Father pressed forward, the crowd separating reverently as they beheld a man of rank, and, after some effort, he got a footing for us quite near the cart. It would have been folly to try to sit, even



had we had chairs, for the swaying multitude stood in such a compact, almost breathless, mass that it was necessary to keep our heads on a level with those of others.

The ground descended slightly from where we stood. Even when Mr. Wesley at length raised his attenuated hands to ask a blessing, from every side could still be seen the people coming. I heard afterward that fully twenty thousand were gathered there.

After the benediction, somewhere from out the great assembly broke a choir of voices, strong, ardent, and singing in perfect accord a hymn that for tenderness and pathos came well-nigh undoing me. And, though I could not see the singers, every now and then a trio of voices, strangely familiar, would take up the theme alone and waft the melody heavenward as though they were inspired. That hymn was then and there engraven on my memory, and, as oft as I have heard it since, it has inspired me with new fervor. Somehow, as I repeat—

“When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride,”

my heart overflows with love and humility.



After the singing Mr. Wesley said in a solemn tone, that must penetrate, it seemed to me, to the farthest outsider present, "Let us pray."

O, such a prayer! Such a simple, child-like, wishful prayer. Prayer for food for the hungry; prayer for clothing for the naked; prayer for grace for the sinful; prayer for love for the friendless; prayer in earnest, impassioned, beseeching entreaty for the descent then, there, upon those thousands, of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Cries of "Hear, Lord," "Come, Lord Jesus," "Come, thou true Friend of sinners," rose devotionally on all hands.

As I heard these entreaties in the rough burr of colliers, in the failing treble of age, and repeated now and then in the plaintive appeal of a woman, I wept.

Every one is praying, I said solemnly to myself. Thousands upon thousands praying at once! I wiped the tears but could not restrain them, and they flowed afresh.

When Mr. Wesley had finished I lifted my eyes, and lo! in the cart beside him stood Charles and Samuel Wesley and James Keble. They at once began singing:



“Jesus, thy wandering sheep behold !  
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,  
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,  
Till sought and gathered in by thee.

“Lost are they now, and scatter’d wide,  
In pain and weariness and want ;  
With no kind shepherd near to guide  
The sick and spiritless and faint.

“Thou, only thou, the kind and good  
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art ;  
Collect thy flock and give them food,  
And pastors after their own heart.

“Give the pure word of gen’ral grace,  
And great shall be the preacher’s crowd ;  
Preachers who all the sinful race,  
Point to the all-atoning blood.

“Thine only glory let them seek ;  
O, let their hearts with love o’erflow ;  
Let them believe and therefore speak,  
And spread thy mercy’s praise below.”

As I heard these simple words sung, and saw how the hungry, coal-begrimed, rudely-dressed masses about me—for I was in the midst of the colliers—drank in their meaning, I had a sensible appreciation that these new ways were what the ignorant needed. Mr. Wesley’s parish of the world all at once seemed immeasurably greater to me than the See of Canterbury.



And father! Would that I could describe his face. His keen eyes roved hither and thither. His pale countenance showed signs of violent but suppressed emotion. His usual stateliness of demeanor had forsaken him. When Mr. Wesley gave out his text:

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor,” and hundreds of voices rang out, “Glory to God!” the tears ran down father’s face, too, as if he had been a girl; only, unlike me, he did not wipe them away, but continued watching that army—for I can call it naught else—of gaunt men and women, of wondering, ill-kempt children, of hard-working trades-people, of creatures well-nigh unsexed through brutal labor in the mines—crying, laughing, shouting over the good, strange news that there was a heaven where there would be neither halt nor blind, neither sick nor famished, neither rich nor poor, but where all, *all* would be one in Christ Jesus.

Suddenly my father, too, cried out in stentorian tones, “Glory to God!”

Mother looked up at him in a kind of peaceful surprise, and then took his hand and clasped it.

All at once, across the intervening space, I caught



James Keble's eyes shining like lode-stars. He looked at me with a great gladness.

When Mr. Wesley's sermon was done, and while the crowd, after a short prayer, was breaking rapidly up, the singers hastened to us. Father and mother vied with each other in doing them honor.

Presently James Keble came to me, for I had dropped a little behind, and taking my hand most gently, which I was, indeed, prompt to extend, he said, eagerly, "Are we both Methodists, Cicely?"

I longed to say "yes," but a perverse, mischievous spirit got the better of me and I replied, "I was confirmed in the Lady Margaret Chapel two years ago, and I am, therefore, a Church woman."

"You can be that and a Methodist also," said James; but with a note of anxiety in his tones that made me relent, so that I added without further teasing, "An to be a Methodist is to emulate Mr. Wesley, then I, too, am one."

He turned away his head as if he would conceal somewhat from me.

My bravery forsook me, for it is, after all, a terrible thing to see a strong man fighting against an emotion that threatens to overcome him.

Without asking him one of the questions I was



burning to have answered—Why he was here? and how he became a follower of the new teaching?—I simply forced myself to say, calmly, “I am glad we think alike, Mr. Keble,” and then walked back to mother.

She was in earnest discussion with a group who were talking about a man who lay like dead, hard-by, responding to none of the efforts to resuscitate him, but with a look of inexpressible peace on his face.

I gathered from the conversation that he had been a notorious criminal, only very recently let out of Newgate Prison. At the beginning of the sermon he had openly mocked and derided, then had been stricken with a mighty fear, and then had begun to call on the Lord Jesus to save him, and then had suddenly joyfully repeated the very words of entreaty Mr. Wesley had been using: “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth even me!” Thereupon he had immediately fallen into the condition in which we saw him.

When we got back to our rooms, father told mother that he believed the condition as likely to be a visitation as to be due to over-excitement, adding that he saw no reason why the gift of the



Spirit, especially to men who had been long hardened in crime, should not appear to rend the very soul and body asunder. "If it were nervous prostration," he continued, "the effect is worthy of the absorbing importance of the cause. We do not think less of a man for fainting over the settlement of some great issue in his life. God was so present in that multitude this morning that it would not have surprised me had the very heavens opened and revealed the celestial glory. We belong to the Greeks by station, wife, but let us pray that we may also be of those foolish ones who drink deeply of the wells of salvation."



## CHAPTER XXI.

## A Leave-Taking.

**W**E lingered in Bath a few days longer, following the routine of our daily life; but mother found it irksome and father became restless, as if he were under irritating conditions. As he still felt sadly unwell he decided to take us to a sequestered hamlet on the West Coast for a few weeks' stay before returning to London.

I noticed that he said no more to me about balls and card-parties, so that I followed my own inclinations, and without hinderance refused invitations to such diversions.

Mr. Wesley's strength held out so bravely during the field-meeting that father did not advise his longer sojourn in Bath, and he therefore left us two days later, with many blessings, for a tour through his Scottish circuits.

Where James Keble was I did not know. He seemed to have disappeared from my field of vision as suddenly as he had appeared upon it. A heavy



weight of self-consciousness kept me from trying to discover his whereabouts.

But just after our boxes were all locked and corded preparatory to our leaving, and while we sat waiting for our traveling-carriage, Marcus ushered in that very young gentleman himself, so stalwart and handsome, so manly in his naval uniform, and withal so joyous in his mien, that I felt a great pride in him and a sense of possession that made me composed before father and mother, and all a tremble inwardly with excitement lest Mr. Keble should read my heart too clearly.

Without questioning, but with an occasional glance at me which I interpreted most personally, although he addressed himself to my parents, he told how his fleet had been kept waiting for weeks in the Channel expecting to receive sealed orders for sailing, and had then been dispatched to the mouth of the Severn, whence he had taken a run up to Bath on two separate occasions, on each of which, his eyes plainly told me, he had seen me, and how he had now got leave of absence for a week, during which time he hoped to be allowed to see much of us.

I could have cried with vexation that our plans



were all made to go to Quigley. I knew well that father would not change them, and if I had died for not doing so I could not summon courage to beg him to remain.

Both he and mother most politely and cordially expressed their regret that we were about starting for a spot on the coast sixty miles distant.

I think father saw the sinking expression in James Keble's eyes, though his face otherwise maintained a fine discretion, for he added kindly :

"I am out of health, Mr. Keble, and, not finding the rest I thought Bath would afford, we are going to this bit of rocky, wind-swept coast to see what a few weeks there will do for me before my next course of lectures begins."

Even while he spoke I heard the carriage rattling up, and mother, looking out of the window, said, "Here are the carriages and servants."

Mr. Keble rose at once, but asked leave to accompany us to the street. We all went down stairs together, father and mother ahead, and he and I behind.

O how I wished that staircase might stretch out the length of Jacob's ladder! But we were down before we could either summon courage to speak.



My eyes were swimming in such a sea of tears that if I had winked once they would have covered my face with a shower.

“Cicely,” said James, as we crossed the threshold, “may I write to you?”

“If father be willing—yes.”

Mother had entered the coach with amazing quickness, and, to my disappointment, father insisted on putting me in, so that it happened I did not even shake hands in good-bye with Mr. Keble.

He stood with his cap off as we drove away, but with his eyes fixed on me, and all that they said I knew.

“Daughter,” remarked father, after we had gone some distance in silence, “Mr. Keble asked me for my address and craved permission to write to me.” He looked at me gravely and questioningly, but I said nothing, only the color mantled my face and neck most painfully.

Father and mother exchanged glances. My heart sank as I noticed how serious and troubled they remained all that day. I could form no idea of what light they would consider Mr. Keble as my suitor in, but I hoped, if being Methodistic had robbed me of all foolish ambition and love for an empty title,



that the new teaching would also make Sir William and Lady Hunter willing to give their daughter to a poor young man ; since, moreover, he had all other qualifications except wealth and rank, and might even some day be Lord High Admiral.

Though we each had a new burden to carry we had a beautiful journey, and covered the distance by nightfall.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## Quigley.

QUIGLEY is a nest of little houses built upon cliffs whose upper slopes break into all manner of grassy undulations. At the foot of the cliffs is a deep sea, washing here and there over a circle of steep, pebbly beach, and a few rods distance from the hamlet playing over bowlders and reefs that flank a less severe stretch of coast.

It is the wildest, sweetest spot I have ever seen.

Every morning I was on the shore watching the tides, learning every reef by heart, and listening to the swish of the waters as they dashed over the rocks and then swept out to sea again, apparently taking every single drop back with them.

There was one place in particular that I dearly loved. I could step from the deepest, greenest sward upon a ledge seamed with furrows, as if the salt water had eaten channels into it. This ledge reached in a long point out into deep water, descending by a series of broken natural steps to the



level of the tide. Along its base were numberless jagged boulders. A reef or two sloped seaward. Beds of tall weeds waved here and there far below the surface of the high tide. It was a savage, untamed nook, full of hidden, unearthly sounds, with numberless eddies and miniature brooks rushing from one deep hole to another in foaming currents when the tide came in strong. I wondered had there ever been wrecks there, and picked out a vast, lichen-covered, smoothly-sloping rock some distance out, that made me think of a huge tooth, as the waters drew away from its base and then came back, curling and licking it over as if they were sharpening it for the savage butchery of the sea.

Often I would sit on the shore on a pleasant day, when the sky hung high and smiling, and the white sails were jotting the horizon, watching that rock till I fancied I could hear the keel of a ship grinding up its green, slimy slopes, and then reeling and sinking into the yawning vortex below. This idea obtained such haunting possession of me that I stayed away from the spot a couple of days.

Father meanwhile had received Mr. Keble's letter. He took me on a walk one bright, still



morning, and, sitting down on the beach, read it to me, while I looked out to sea.

It was a manly letter, full of modesty and courage both, paying due tribute to father's celebrity, rank, and wealth, but pleading with robust fervor for the writer's youth and expectations. There was no word about love or marriage in it; but O how full of love it sounded to me!

"'Tis indeed a high-toned, creditable epistle, Cicely," said father, as he slowly folded it and put it in his pocket; "but I am right sorry to have received it. What should you wish me to say to his request?"

"I could wish you to say 'Yes,'" I answered, falteringly.

Father remained silent. I think he had not expected so much boldness from me.

"That I cannot say, daughter," he answered, coldly. "I shall tell him to win his laurels, and then open the matter anew."

"O, father," I cried, "it may take years."

"Years, Cicely, will either prove how much you love him, or see you happily married to some one else more becoming your rank and condition. Youth is short. Life is long. Trust your father."



These last words were so commanding that they awoke in me both defiance and submission.

We walked back to mother, and I with the first great bitterness, I can truly say, that I had ever felt toward either parent. But then it behooves me to add that never before could I have framed the slightest excuse for such a frame of mind.

In the late afternoon I slipped away alone to my favorite, yet dreaded, resort on the beach. The tide was half in. I clambered down to the last rough step separating me from that ocean waste and the green earth behind me. It was a somber hour. Afar hung a gray mist, making a near horizon. Close at hand in many a hidden cave sounded a remorseless refrain that ever grew deeper. A fitful, sullen breeze blew from the west. Albeit the ocean looked still, an occasional whitecap betrayed a gathering commotion. It all accorded well with my unhappy, despondent mood.

A short year before I had been a giddy girl at school. Then I felt sure that I was born to be happy. No unhappier girl in all England now existed.

I thought of the new light that had broken upon my soul in London ; of how it had come and gone



since ; of how I had yielded so oft and weakly while in Bath to divers temptations ; and of how, in this peaceful, sequestered hamlet by the sea, the one great trial of my life thus far had overshadowed it and threatened to scoop up my happiness forever, just as the wild ocean swept ships into its fathomless abyss.

I felt such a wild longing for James Keble, and such a repentance that I had, though forsooth mischievously, given him many a sorrowful pang, that all at once I burst into bitter, bitter tears, and felt as if my own heart would break.

I sat with my head buried in my hands a long time, utterly forgetful of how near the water I was. All at once I was half covered with a dash of surf that might have swept a less sturdy damsel out to sea. I was so frightened and so cold that I sprang to my feet and leaped up the rocks before looking behind me. When I turned, I saw that the mist had gathered so thickly that the view was shut away by a closely-circling wall of gray fog. But the roar of the ocean and the lashing of the surf, together with a moaning, wailing cry I have ever noticed the wind to have when a great storm is brooding, made me hurry, shivering, to our cottage.



A huge peat fire was burning on the hearth of the sitting-room. Mother stood in the open doorway peering in the contrary direction from the one by which I came. I must, indeed, have looked sorry, for her eyes filled with tears as I suddenly attracted her attention.

"I have had a ducking, mother."

She turned pale, asking, "Have you fallen into the water?"

I made light of my adventure, for I was too proud to let even mother know that I was suffering.

Speedily changing my clothing, I came back to the fire, before which I found father standing. He looked thoughtful, and ever and anon walked to the latticed window and peered out.

"What do you think of the weather, father?" I asked. "It seems to me that the night will close in with a fierce storm."

"So the fishermen say," answered father, and went to the door.

The wind blew it violently open as he unlatched it.

Running to look out I beheld, half to my delight and half to my dismay, the salt spray dashing to the very top of the cliff on which our cottage stood. All at once the thought of the fleet to which



James Keble's ship belonged smote upon me. Why it had not done so before I know not. I felt faint, and staggered against father.

He put his arm about me, and, guessing my thought, said, most gently, "The fleet may be far out to sea by this time."

Nevertheless I knew that it was the fear of calamity to that company of brave vessels that made him restless.

As the darkness gathered, early and thick, the wind increased to a mighty gale. But little rain fell, and then only in gusty, pelting showers that added to the awful lonesomeness of that night.

I feigned a desire to go to bed soon after supper, but when I was locked in my little room I sat down on the wide window-ledge peering into the murky night. I sat there for many hours, hearing the break of the tempestuous sea, watching the fishermen flit along the cliff with huge flambeaux, and praying constantly for safety and happiness to be the lot of James Keble. I must have fallen asleep, while looking and praying, and have slept most soundly; and yet it seemed to me I had not slept at all, when I was startled by the booming of a cannon whose distressful peal appeared to echo at



my very feet. There was a gray, dim light in the room, too, so that I knew morning was breaking.

I hurried down stairs. None of the servants were about. Again that awful boom resounded.

I rushed down to the very edge of the cliff.

O what a wild, fierce, tossing sea! The mist had lifted, but hung like a pall in the near sky. I looked right and left, and, *O* horrors! washing toward the fatal reef, whose huge tooth had so fascinated me, was a ship, apparently abandoned, except for a handful of men clustering about the mainmast. Its jib and mainsail were torn away.

I sped like a gull along the shore, out the whole length of the seamy rock I had so often trodden, past one group of anxious watchers and another, till I reached father, an old sea-captain, and a couple of sailors.

Father turned fairly white as he saw me, and commanded me to go back to the house.

"Nay, father, forgive me, but I cannot," and before he could prevent me I seized the captain's glass, and, looking at the doomed ship, I brought to the very core of my vision that pitiful group of men. In their midst, with a face like marble, but grand and calm, was James Keble.



It was like looking into his very soul at the gate of death.

A mighty despair and determination seized me. I begged for the captain's trumpet, which father did not dare gainsay me at such a dreadful time. Lifting it to my lips I sang out, through its blessed help, "Don't give up, James Keble, for Cicely Hunter's sake. I am watching you from the ledge to your left."

I seized the glass again. Again that beloved face was so near, and, O, the change! It was as though life had claimed a victim from the grave. A smile was in his eyes, and they were turned to the ledge. He had heard!

How can I describe the agony of that long suspense?

The reef was too far out for the ropes to reach. The vessel was stuck amidships on that fatal tooth. The decks leaned prone to seaward. Should the few men left be swept off by the heavy seas continually breaking over them the chances were that they would be washed beyond all hope of help.

Suddenly, while we were looking and wondering, the vessel was lifted off the rock. She tottered an instant on the crest of the mighty billow that



raised her, and then lunged forward and struck anew, jamming as far as her mainmast on a ledge, but the stern still swinging in deep water. She had struck nearer shore. There was now the shadow of a hope for the three men left; three had been washed away.

James Keble still clung to the mast.

The fishermen threw ropes again, but in vain! A boat was launched over and over, but each time it was tossed back like a shell. The ship trembled on her new moorings so that every moment we expected to see her washed loose. But no; she began slowly to pitch aft, for she was water-logged as well, and her position made the added weight give momentum to every fresh wave that smote her. All saw that she would plunge into the roaring deep before the strain broke her up or she drifted loose. The three men realized the new change, and were consulting together, when father, who had taken in the situation fully, rushed to the point nearest the vessel, and crying, "Let me hurl the rope!" he flung it with all his tremendous strength.

It reached the men.

They caught it.

They lashed it at long intervals around each one;



then the signal was given; it was hauled nearly taut, and they sprang into the water.

I closed my eyes when I saw them tossed one after another against the rocks.

When I tried to look again my sight was darkened.

After what seemed an eternity, I heard a great shout go up—cheer upon cheer!

I found myself running with father, my hand in his.

As we stopped my vision cleared. At my very feet lay James Keble—ah! so white, so spent!

Crouching down, I took his dear head in my lap.

“James,” I cried, into ears I feared were forever deaf to my entreaties, “James, come back to Cicely!”

Did he hear? A convulsive breath shook his frame.

Father with others began efforts for his resuscitation, although my darling was so knocked and bruised that, till that minute when his soul responded to my entreaty, I think none doubted but that he was dead, as his companions were; hopelessly, pitilessly dead!

At length, after exertions for his recovery con-



tinued so long that they seemed fruitless, he opened his languid eyes and looked up into mine with such surprise and love as if the sight of me were heaven!

He tried to reach his hand up to my face.

It was father, dear father, who gently placed mine in that trembling grasp.


“You saved his life, Cicely. He is yours.”

I lifted my eyes in devoted thankfulness. I was too happy to say any thing.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

By the Ingle.

 HOW different was the night-fall of that day of restoration in comparison with the dismalness of the evening before! The wind was still blowing a gale. The clouds had drifted eastward. A gorgeous sunset glow lit the west, tipping the green waves with rose and gold. The sky was as blue and smiling as if it had not looked down upon the dead. Indeed, it did seem to rejoice with me that night.

I had gone to the door under the pretense of peering out, but really because my heart was so brimful of happiness that it would come into my face more than I was fully willing to let others see. I presently closed the door, for my joy was still so new that as soon as my eyes could not see James Keble, I half suspected it all a dream.

I went over to the fire, around which father, mother, and he were sitting, and took a little chair that he had placed for me opposite his own, against



the jamb, and over which he had no hesitation in keeping guard as long as I was in it.

Father and mother sat in front of the fire, and mother's hand was in father's. Should I ever sit thus calmly, I wondered, with my hand in James's, not caring if others saw us true lovers? But still, when people have been married a long time, as father and mother have, there is dignity as well as beauty when, once in a while, they show a sign of all that lies underneath.

There were no candles lighted. The curtains were left undrawn across the deep windows. The stars came out and made the night radiant. The fire was a big one, and lit up the walls and shone all over father and mother. Mother's cheeks were as pink as a girl's. It played over James Keble's face and then left him in shadow, but whether in the light or shadow his eyes shone, and I knew that they saw every thing that I did, and I felt he could read every single thought I thought, for he was in them all.

We talked on a great many themes—Bath first, which James said he liked not overwell; that no place pleased him, however lovely, which was given over to frivolity and fashion. "'Twas different with



a city," he said, "for there were such vast numbers in a great city that, so soon as fashion became arrogant, numbers put it down, or at least the sensible could forget it."

Father nodded his head approvingly.

Then the conversation fell upon Mr. Wesley, and all their faces softened, as faces do when the thoughts are of the beloved.

We talked of the Church also, and whether the Methodists would ever leave it; and on this theme father and James were divided in opinion, father quoting Mr. Wesley's own words, which, as nearly as I can remember, were in this wise: "That he (Mr. Wesley) had no design of separating from the Church, that he did not believe the Methodists in general designed it, that he would do all in his power to prevent such an event, and that he declared he himself would live and die a member of the Church of England."

"He said to me," replied James, "that, nevertheless, in spite of all that he could do, many would separate from it. Both Mr. John Wesley and his brother Charles think, however, that this event, whether for better or worse, will take place upon their death."



Dear mother's silvery voice now chimed in : " Mr. Wesley told me that he considered the great work that he and his followers were called of God to do was for the purpose of provoking to jealousy the ordinary messengers ; that, as they were called to their work in the Church of England, they should still remain Church of England men."

As all the others had spoken, I now felt that it was my turn, and I asked : " Why, then, does dear Mr. Wesley deviate from the rules of the Church, in preaching abroad, in composing his own prayers, in forming societies that worship in foundries, fields, and houses, and in employing all kinds of men to preach, on whom the bishop has not laid hands?"

My lover looked at me with delight, and before he answered, which he made quick to do, said, " I am glad, Miss Cicely, to discover that you have thought so soberly on this grave theme. Mr. Wesley explains what many call his inconsistency by saying that all must allow him to be inconsistent unless they observe two principles on which he acts. The first is that he himself would not dare separate from the Church, because he believes that it would be a sin to do so ; the second is that he believes it would be a sin not to vary from it in the very points that



you have mentioned. His two principles are, in brief, that *he will* not separate from the Church, and that he will, upon necessity, *vary* from it."

"Such principles," mother observed, with much quietness and solemnity, "mean, practically, as much as the Declaration of Independence of the colonies. But they are right principles."

"I agree with you," said my lover. "There is sure to be a new Church, which, I hope, will be called the Methodist Episcopal, binding together all that is beautiful and sacred in the old Church and keeping in faithful practice all that has made Mr. Wesley's ministration one of might and godliness."

"Let the might and godliness remain in the dear mother Church," said father, reverently.

"Mr. Keble," I said, "I am curious to hear how you became a believer in the new teaching."

"As Nicodemus," he answered. "I went to Mr. Wesley by night, hoping, I now see, to both find a new truth and keep it secret. But when the glorious light of repentance by faith and the witness of the Spirit were given to me, how could I keep them secret?"

We all sat silent then for a while, I looking into the fire and trying to make pictures in it. But the



only ones that would come were the thousands that I had seen gathered together in the meadows along the Avon, and in their midst the snowy head and angelic face of the great preacher and the trio of young men singing, "When I survey the wondrous cross."

It seemed to me, as I thought over that eventful morning, that a blessed, beautiful way to spend my life would be in doing all that I could for poor souls that knew naught of Him who grew dearer to me every day. Before I was aware I was saying softly to myself, "Lord Jesus, show me what I shall do."

It was father who first spoke again.

"Tell me, Mr. Keble, what you think of Mr. Wesley's views on the uses of wealth."

"Did you ever read his sermon from Jeremiah viii, 22?" he asked, I thought, most discreetly, for it must be a difficult thing for a man of modest possessions, and young, too, to express a frank opinion to one much older and of vast wealth.

Father said, "No."

Mother rose and brought a Bible, and, opening it, she read the text a little slowly as the fire flickered. Mother's voice is ever low and impressive, but I am sure any one in the farthest corner of the room



could have heard: "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

Certainly such a medical text as that could not fail to attract father's closest attention, even had he not been previously interested. But I could not see what it had to do with riches. Mother herself looked up very inquiringly at Mr. Keble.

He answered: "In his sermon Mr. Wesley tried to answer the question, 'Why has Christianity done so little good in the world?' by showing that Christians were either bent on gaining all they could or saving all they could, instead of giving all they could. In another sermon which I heard him preach myself from the text: 'If riches increase set not thine heart upon them,' he said, 'Unless thou give a full tenth of thy substance, of thy fixed and occasional income, thou dost undoubtedly set thy heart upon thy gold, and it will *eat thy flesh as fire.*'"

"I have often heard him express similar views," said father, but so quietly that I could not gather his opinion of them; "such, for instance, as leaving so little to one's children that they must need to add to the income much honest industry in order to live."



I blushed a little consciously, not that I feared but that father's care of me would be fatherly, but lest James Keble should become too mindful that he was poor in comparison with us. I liked well that never in his word or demeanor had there been aught to suggest that he did not have as much, for instance, as my Lord Carew.

He leveled his heavy black brows a second, looked steadily at father—though never once at me—and said, “You asked me, Sir William, what I thought of Mr. Wesley's views. For a society nearly advanced to perfection, I approve them *all*. I believe that Christians in all stages of social advancement should give what they can, but that each man is to judge for himself in such a matter. As for not setting my heart on riches, how can I tell how great the temptation or how sweet the indulgence, since I have never been tried? Having beheld in my ministrations and lay-preaching among the poor the awful wretchedness that poverty induces, I say, Mr. Wesley notwithstanding, that a man who can ought, so far as is in his power, to lift his family above all possibility of such misery. Does God dole out his riches to his children for the sake of those who are not his children in a niggardly manner?”



“Right ! right ! young man,” said father. “And I’ll warrant it cost you an effort to speak so boldly.”

“Nay, Sir William, you mistake me there. Although riches are not to be despised, I think that man well-nigh a fool who stands in awe of them, or, because of them, of their representatives. Should I do this, I should feel myself less an English gentleman, and by so much less your equal ; though, believe me, Sir William, I admit that I am greatly your inferior in experience and ability.”

“Time brings one and develops the other,” said father, warmly.

“I think, mother,” he continued, “we shall have a proper son-in-law, and he will find that Cicely’s father is no niggard ; hey ? And now let us have prayers and to bed, for it is already late. Yet before we do so tell me, young man, where you have preached.”

“I meant not to speak of that,” said Mr. Keble, flushing. “I have preached aboard ship so often as I could get a few sailors and soldiers together, and when on land, the last year, in some of the poor quarters of London, Mr. Wesley ever directing me. Perhaps I should add, Sir William, that I believe I have a call to give my whole time to this work, and



have accordingly been on the point several times of resigning my commission."

This news was a blow to father. I was aware he believed Mr. Keble to be a man of such parts that he felt sure opportunity would make my lover as distinguished in the navy as he was himself in medicine. He stood in deep thought fully five minutes, and then I ventured to say, with my heart in my mouth—for Mr. Keble's declaration made all my longings to do good appear to be answered—"Perhaps, dear father, your daughter Cicely has a call too."

Father looked at me in blank astonishment, but mother in unspeakable, gratified love.

Father said, a little tremulously, I fancied, "Fetch the prayer-book, Cicely."



## CHAPTER XXIV.

**Father's Death.**

I THINK I have remembered so vividly every word that was spoken that last evening in the cottage, as it proved to be, because of the great change and grievous sorrow that were even then brooding over mother and me, and we knew it not.

Father went to his room fully an hour before mother left me, for we sat together in my favorite window-seat, and talked most tenderly and comfortingly together. She filled me with joy by saying that the chief wish of her heart was gratified, because I was to marry a man who was, above all else, a manly, outspoken Christian.

When she left me I still lingered in the window, looking out at the tossing sea and the greensward near by, all glistening in the moonlight which flooded the earth so brilliantly that the shadows were as vivid as the light.

It seemed but a minute before she returned. The first I knew of her presence was her dear voice



full of suffering, and low almost to a whisper, as she exclaimed, "Cicely!"

I turned to see such a mute, white face. She beckoned me and I ran after her to father's room.

There, upon his knees, before a chair, his face fallen against its back, a book of family prayers open before him, he lay.

"Dead—Cicely—dead!" mother said, so heart-brokenly that only the great need upon me kept me from screaming with anguished fear.

"No, no, mother!" I said. "Call Mr. Keble."

It was but an instant before he entered the room, and then, together, we lifted father to the bed, rubbing and chafing his hands and feet a long, long, weary time; we tried to force stimulants through his purple lips. Mother called him by such endearing names as I did not know any heart could devise; but he did not answer. It was daybreak before we gave over our futile efforts.

O, the misery of being so far away from medical help in such an extremity! We got a country practitioner toward noon of the next day. He said that father had died of heart disease.

Our one thought was to get back to our dear home, and toward night we started.



Let me pass over the mournfulness of that slow journey to London, the sad, sad days that followed, and the unspeakable loneliness that settled down upon mother and me. We were so much, so utterly alone, for, to add to this bitter loss, the one friend on whom we either of us desired to call was suddenly summoned back to duty, and sent away for one year.

So we laid at rest the sacred body of our dear one, with no one near on whom we could lean.

We took up the old life in the great house, but neither the life nor the house was the same.

The autumn, with its fogs and short days, came. All was so changed that, after the past, and especially the pleasant summer that had but lately been so real, the present seemed as visionary as a dream.

One night in December we sat alone over the fire in the library. Marcus had just brought mother the keys of father's offices, which were kept just as he had left them. Alas! the throng of callers had ceased, and their order was sepulchral. The lectures that he was to have given lay written, but unused, in his desk.

"Daughter," said mother, folding my hand between hers, "I think we have done wrong to shut



ourselves away as we have, and dwell so constantly on our loss. My dear husband was busy night and day in helping others. Why should not you and I take up his work, doing it for his sake, in Christ's name? Shall we?"

"Yes, mother."

"And I have thought of our great wealth and of how much—too much—the income is for you and me. Let us give a thank-offering of the whole income, *this* year, that dear father is safely home. Shall we?"

I said yes again, kissing her over and over.

Was I wicked in turning to the future too strongly, or did I have my lover too much in my heart as I thought, this will be the beginning of the work I shall do with him all my life?

After that night, though we spoke of father daily—yes, hourly—every thing was brighter. It was as if he had come back. We lived his life, as well as ours, in a higher, better way than we had ever done before.

No sister of charity went on more errands of mercy than did mother that cold winter. The temptations that I had ever and anon to frivolity and worldliness and the foolish parade of fashion



became fewer and fewer, as I learned how paltry and small and selfish the world of fashion is compared with the vast world of want and suffering, and the love and unselfishness of souls with whom I came in contact every day, doing good and saying nothing of it; indeed, not knowing what a bright light their good deeds shed.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## My Wedding.

**I**T was April before we had tidings of my lover's return. He wrote me then that we could expect him in May, wind and weather and a good Providence favoring.

No spring that I remember ever glided out of the cold and cheerless and mournful winter as did that spring which brought James home to me. Flowers never grew in such profusion. Skies never covered me with a canopy so loving. The very air had new life and hope in it. The solemn peace of the nights when the stars shone clear and calm above London, forbidding the fogs and smoke to rule, ever lifted my thoughts to the heavenly Father and my other beloved father gone before us. I had a strange, deep peace of heart, much of the time, that I am sure was sent to me because I entreated for it daily, mindful of those words: "Whatsoever ye shall ask, in my name, believing." It was such a sweet, pervasive peace, that I believe even the loss



of James, who is so unspeakably dear to me, could not have taken it away. It is, indeed, a peace which passes understanding.

He came home, more manly than ever. His step was music through the quiet corridors. Mother had a son. I had such a lover as I believe never fell to the happy fortune of another girl.

Mr. Wesley came back, also, after a long absence, during which he had visited many Conferences in Scotland, Ireland, and England, as well as made a trip to Holland, where his presence was a wonderful inspiration to the converts to the new teaching among the Dutch. Indeed, it is marvelous how wide-spread the religious enthusiasm is which had its real beginning among a little band of students at Oxford, and has grown and increased to its present magnitude because a handful of men have been instant in season and out of season in doing the Lord's work. James says that there is a great work also being done in the New World, especially in the colonies, or, rather, the United States, as they must now be called. He is deeply impressed with the spirit, independence, and enterprise of the American people. All that he saw while stopping in three of their chief ports, named Baltimore,



Philadelphia, and New York, has confirmed him in the view that Methodism in the New World will be separate from the Church of England. He is, indeed, so inspired with the magnificent possibilities for Mr. Wesley's methods in America that he has a burning desire to make his home there and give himself up absolutely to religious work. He has not dared broach this new scheme to mother yet, as her heart appears set on James and me making our home with her—James having for his use father's offices and general belongings. She is rejoiced to have him resign his commission, which he has already taken steps to do; as well as to have him study for orders, which, to my surprise, she has somehow taken for granted would also be his purpose.

Mother, since father's death, is surprisingly of Mr. Wesley's way of thinking—that is, she expects to live and die a Church woman and at the same time be a Methodist. James says that these two things are, in essence, incompatible. They would be for him, I allow; and what he does I shall do. As for mother, I am secretly glad that she holds in general to the Church in which she was brought up, and which is hallowed to her by all the associations of a perfect married life.



James tells me that I grow more like mother every day. I wish I could think so, but I know that I am more like father.

Mr. Wesley told me the other night, in a quiet talk we had together, that James has the very spirit of an apostle, and that, if his burning zeal be maintained in full spiritual power, there is no measuring the good he will accomplish. Mr. Wesley would have him enter at once upon his work as a fully authorized lay preacher. But James says no, that he does not yet know enough—although, to me, his learning is marvelous. Though but twenty-seven years old, he has not only won honors in the navy, is well versed in music, but he has also finished at Cambridge with high honors, even taking the prize of Senior Wrangler. He is all for studying theology, however, and has made arrangements for so doing, as well as for acquiring a thorough knowledge of medicine, so that he can, like Mr. Wesley, cure bodies while he is healing souls.

I have humbly to admit that the one thing I know well is music. But James, having the same notion that father had, is making many beautiful plans for my study with him. I have at least learned one thing that is not taught at Mistress



Hervey's, and that is that an education is never finished.

We are in as curious a social position as a family can well be. Some of our fashionable friends have cut us square; others tolerate us, and a few hang about us with an uneasy fascination, as if they dared not quite let us go. Dear mother cannot realize how much a Methodist she is considered. As for the Marchioness of Downing, she has been free to say that, if she could deny the relationship, she gladly would. What has hurt mother deeply is that his majesty has written her a letter of inquiry concerning her "new and strange associations," coupled with an admonition to be "mindful of the name, learning, and title which have been left to her keeping worthily to maintain."

I begin to think, with James, that a new land, and a society which knows neither royalty nor nobility, is the happiest land for those whose mission is to be all things to all men in Christ's name.

Since I writ the last, two months have intervened.

Every thing is settled for my wedding, which takes place this day week in City Road Chapel, at ten of the clock in the morning. Mr. Wesley is to marry us, assisted by his brother, the Reverend



Charles Wesley, and there are to be none present outside of our nearest relations except dear Sir Joshua.

James has lavished rare and beautiful gifts upon me, which Mr. Wesley admires as tokens of abundant love; but I think he almost fears that James's heart is too much set upon me. Once he said so to my lover, who looked down on the little man, a great light flashing in his hazel eyes, as he replied :

"Yea, I love her, even as Christ loves the Church. She is to me like Solomon's temple, and naught shall ever be spared, so long as I have the power, to truly beautify and adorn her." He leaned down then and kissed me.

Mr. Wesley turned away, but I saw that he was deeply moved, and his eyes were full of tears. The saintly old man is homeless.

I shall now make the last entry, dear aunt, in this account of my life, especially as the glad tidings are just at hand that uncle is to be transferred from India, and that you are really, after all, to end your days in "Merrie England."

Your niece Cicely is married. She bears the name of Keble, which she once despised and of which she is now so proud, and, to quote King



George's words anew, most anxious "worthily to maintain."

We were married by the holy and beautiful service of the Church.

The day was clear, and the chapel was flooded with sunlight as we walked up the aisle and presented ourselves before Mr. Wesley. The radiant light crept in on all sides, falling upon mother's fair hair, and even relieving the soft folds of her crêpe dress. It flickered on the loose ruffles shading my affianced's hands, and made a silvery halo over the snowy locks of the reverend brothers. I saw it all, although my mind was absorbed with the great and solemn change about to come into my life.

I suppose I was very simply dressed for a bride, but James said I never looked so beautiful. My gown was of soft gray silk, made with a bodice above which came a tight-fitting white waist of India mull and lace. The sleeves reached to the elbow, and were finished there with an ample flow of finest lace. I wore a cluster of red roses tucked in my bosom and a couple in my hair. James picked them on our wedding morning and asked me to wear them. There were numerous little furbelows and finishings, all necessary and suitable; but mother



will tell you of these some time. I wish you could look in on us this evening.

Mr. Wesley is stopping over night with us, and sits before the fire reading George Herbert's sermons. James is also bent over a book, for his studies have begun. He is too handsome for me to take my eyes from him long at a time. Mother sits with her hands folded in her lap, thinking; but she does not look unhappy, though 'tis settled that, when my husband finishes his studies, he and I are to go to America as Methodists.

We shall make our home in New York, which is a city I begin to long to see. James thinks we may live on a point called the Battery, which commands a view of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world.

If I am as content then as I am now, and if I can do as much good there as I have an opportunity of doing here, and if mother will consent to cross the ocean with us, what more can I ask in this life?

It is time for prayers. James has already laid the Bible on Mr. Wesley's knees.

Adieu, from a heart brimful of peace and happiness.

THE END.







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